Week ending Sept. 5 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's Weekly

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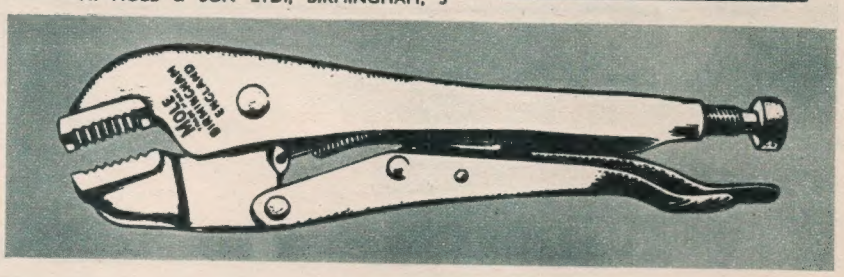

JOHN BULL
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The Cover

THERE'S only one way to strip a toddler who's raring to go. Lay the left leg across her feet to discourage vertical play; hook an arm round her waist to prevent sudden side-slip—and learn to whip off garments with the speed of a conjurer removing table cloths. Cover artist Zelinski shows what happens if the attention is relaxed for a split second, but he considers the basic problem insoluble. After all, how do you explain to a three-year-old the vital difference between a bath and a bathe?

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Selfish—Or Saintly?

WE often hear of a conflict between career and vocation: the self-centredness of one and the self-sacrifice of the other. But that is too simple a solution.

As a parson and a vocationist I often feel most selfish. For to fulfil my vocation I have involved my parents and my family in a great deal of sacrifice. The cost of my being happy in my work has been borne by others more than by myself.

I have a friend who always wanted to be a medical missionary, but rather than be a burden to others he gave up his ambition. He is a plater in a shipyard. He hates his work and is frustrated — but his family enjoys all the amenities of life.

Which of us is the less selfish? Which of us is right?—THE REV. R. C., Yorks.

Sad And Lonely

Did you ever see a dog crying? I was walking past a parked car recently and a dog sitting in the back seat had tears streaming from its eyes. I stopped, and the owner came from the nearby house, opened the car and patted and calmed the dog. He told me that it was a pug puppy only a few months old, and that it usually cried when left.

As he turned to go into the house again the look of sadness on the dog's face was pitiful.—MRS. M. M., Belfast.

"It isn't usual for dogs to shed tears," says a vet. "But some, particularly of sensitive breeds such as Pekes and spaniels, cry in much the same way as human beings."

An Old Custom

Certain of our outdated laws are to be reviewed, but is it not time that the whole antiquated and cumbersome machinery of the law itself be brought up to date?

One glaring example—why are all new laws written first in Norman French and then translated into English? What point does that serve?—MRS. P. HEDGINGTON, Clare Road, Maidenhead, Berks.

"Our records go back to the reign of Henry the Seventh and laws have always been written in English during that time," says the House of Lords Record Office.

"But the Royal Assent to a Bill—'La Reyne le veult'—is still in Norman French. It is hand-written on the vellum copy of the Act which is kept in the Victoria Tower."

About To Receive

As children seem to take notice of everything they see on television these days, it would set a great example to us all if the saying of grace before meals was incorporated into the food advertisements. Grace is now said in so few homes—and here is a chance for television to lead us back to the gracious age. — MRS. BARBARA LAYTON, Wilton Avenue, Kidderminster, Worcs.

Larger Ladies

Women today seem to be much taller than they used to be. Watching a TV programme about the suffragettes the other night I was struck by the fact that females then, for all their militancy, seemed to be almost tiny compared with the Amazons we see today.

Is this imagination on my part? Or has emancipation and the vote

added stature to women in more ways than one?

Whatever the case, heaven help the short man in twenty years time.—A. J. KEARNEY, Beaufort Road, Newport, Mon.

"Women—as well as men and children—are larger today than they were in the days of the suffragettes," says a doctor.

"This is because of improved nutrition these days. The gene controlling height has not altered—but more people are able to reach their maximum size nowadays because they are better fed."

Silent Witness

I have always scorned witnesses who, during a smash-and-grab raid, fail to take the car number or are unable to give a description of the culprits. But now I appreciate the difficulty. . . .

I was standing looking into a jeweller's window recently when a car drew up by the pavement beside me, and two men jumped out, smashed the window and grabbed four trays of rings. I was less than two yards from them, but I was either too fascinated or too petrified to notice details.

When the police asked me, I was unable to give them even one small clue.—MRS. A. M., Woolwich, London.

Grand Finale

I was interested in the letter from a Danish reader about the playing of the national anthem in British cinemas. I heard "God Save The Queen" played after the showing of a British film in a *Danish* cinema. The audience rose and applauded.—MISS S. DINGWALL, Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire.

Other readers have written to say that anthems are played in New Zealand, Canada, Australia, Eire and Persia. It was also done in Farouk's day in Egypt.

Off The Handle

I often wonder that car manufacturers do not make rear car door handles in such a way that the inside handle could be removed, making the door openable only from the outside.

This would ensure perfect safety for child passengers. Many people buy the two-door type of car just to make sure that the children are safe.—MRS. HELEN BRUCE, Caroline Place, Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire.

"There is an easy solution to this problem," says the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. "That is to use a device which disconnects the handle from the lock so that children can play with it without opening the door.

"This is a normal extra which can be ordered when you buy a car."

Wet Dance

Although there has never been any disorder, a licence for a bar at our club's monthly dances was recently refused. It was stated that if they were given a special name—Valentine's Ball, etc.—a licence could be granted.

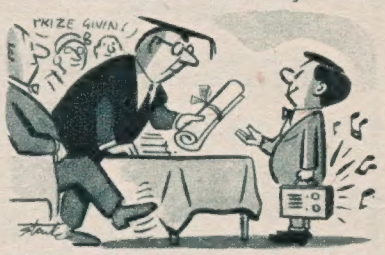
Surely this is absurd?—MRS. G. HUGGINS, Nether Wallop, Hants.

"The justices were probably trying to be helpful," says a lawyer. "By naming the dance it would become a special 'occasion,' and so qualify for an occasional licence. Granting of these licences is at the justices' discretion — and any misunderstanding of their view is perhaps due to the fact that the word 'occasional' has taken on a new meaning. These licences are for 'occasions'."

Noisy Study

I have sent three children through grammar schools and have a fourth there now. All have been above average and all of them have done their homework to a background of radio music.

I have waited till they were



engrossed and then switched off the radio. In a few seconds it has been switched on again.

Modern children seem to be conditioned to a noise which I detest when I am working.—T. H. WORTH, Anstey, Leicestershire.

From Cradle To . . .

A great deal of time and money is quite rightly spent on the medical examination of babies and children —in clinics and schools. But what happens after school?

It's quite possible that a person may never again have a thorough medical examination.

Aren't we concentrating too much on the youngsters and not enough on the aged? Half the deaths from respiratory tuberculosis now occur in men over fifty-five. Surely, as far as preventive medicine is concerned, it is more important for a doctor to spend his time on the fifty-to-sixty age group than on children between five and six.—JOHN DUNFORD, Fulbridge Road, Peterborough.

Cold Shaving

I have often noticed that I have difficulty in obtaining a close, clean shave when I am suffering from a minor cold. Indeed, I tried the experiment of saving razor-blades which I discarded at these times and found them satisfactory later.

Is it possible that the skin or the hair changes during a cold?—L. T., York Crescent, Aldershot.

"This has never been confirmed by any medical authority that I know of," says a doctor, "but it would

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Free Speech

continued from page 3

seem probable that during a cold the skin is slightly puffed up and conceals hair from the razor.

"You find the same thing shaving in the early morning when the skin is slack and relaxed.

"Later on in the day it tightens up and more hair is exposed, making it appear as though new stubble had grown."

Closed Churches

As one interested in visiting old churches, I often spend a summer evening making a round tour with this object in view.

Many is the time, often having travelled thirty or forty miles, I find my pleasure spoiled by locked doors.

Does this mean that there is a tendency for churches to keep "office hours" or simply to open on Sundays only?

Surely this is a highly undesirable state of affairs that needs to be checked before it spreads more widely? — A. B. EASON, Studley Road, Finchfield, Wolverhampton.

"This is a very sore point in the Church generally," says the Church Information Office. "Most vicars dislike intensely having to lock up their churches during weekdays, but are forced to do so because of thefts.

"Those churches which are locked generally don't have the staff to be present during weekdays."

Lucky Dip?

All my life I have guarded a secret which often leads to embarrassing situations. I am colour blind. And buying clothes presents me with a problem.

I kid myself that I can manage without the assistance of my fiancée, so recently I went out to buy a dark red tie to go with my charcoal grey suit.

The many assorted ties had me bewildered and rather than ask the assistant I bought what I thought was a red tie.

It turned out to be bright yellow.

Is there no cure for my colour blindness? Whatever causes it, I am fed up with getting my colours mixed up.—J. D., Stockport.

"There is, unfortunately, no known cure for colour blindness," says a doctor. "However, there is a remedy for Mr. Dargavel's trouble in buying clothes which he later finds don't match.

"He should buy all his clothes at the same time. Then, even if the colour is wrong, they will at least match in tone.

"Colour blindness is due to an inborn fault in the retina of the eye. It is four times as common among men as it is among women."

Licensed Madness

On a recent Saturday my husband sent an application to the county offices for a provisional driving licence, as he was due to start a driving course on the following Wednesday.

As it had not arrived by then he called in at the office and was told that it was there, but that as he had applied for the licence by post it had to be returned to him in the same way.

It had still not arrived by the following Saturday. He telephoned and was told that the postal department was five days behind with its work and if he cared to call he could collect it. — MRS. N. E., Chesham, Bucks.

We found high adventure with the Russians

For the first time in twenty years, British mountaineers —among them Everest conqueror Sir John Hunt—were allowed to climb inside the Soviet Union. Now comes the fascinating story of their exploits with the Russians . . . told by world famous athlete CHRIS BRASHER

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

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SECOND WIFE

by HUGH B. CAVE

His son had vanished, and every step of their search led them nearer . . . to the sinister throb of the voodoo drums

THE drums had begun throbbing at dusk, and now they were as much a part of the warm Haitian evening as the sigh of the sea breeze in the breadfruit leaves. Judith Bayne glanced across the veranda table at her husband, busy carving a balsa-wood canoe for his son.

Lately the drums had seemed to annoy him, but there was nothing she could do to stop them. Saturday night was *bamboche* night, the traditional party night. The rhythmic beat of the drums would go on until the plantation workers were exhausted.

"Madame. . . ."

Judith turned her head. The house girl, Celeste, took an uneasy step toward her from the doorway. "Madame, I cannot find Bobby to put him to bed."

"It's all right, Celeste. He went with Alci to watch the dancing."

"But they came back, Madame. He must have gone out again."

Putting aside the blue jeans she was mending—they were Bobby's, torn on one of his frequent solo excursions into the bush—Judith quickly stood up. "I'll find him, Mark."

But Mark was already on his feet, his face grim. "I've told them not to let the boy go out after dark."

JUDITH said: "It's hard to watch him every minute. He's so active." She tried to hide her alarm, but already she was remembering the odd little bundle of twigs, bound with a bit of red rag, that she had found on the gate that morning: a voodoo *ouanga*, and not the first one, either. In themselves these bad-luck charms were not dangerous, but they meant that somebody was nursing a grievance.

"Where could he have gone?" Mark demanded.

"Perhaps he went hunting fireflies again. He can't be far away."

Mark retorted: "Far enough to get into trouble. Hurry and change your clothes."

Hurry and change your clothes. Perhaps he didn't mean it that way, but he spoke almost as though she were a servant. Judith turned her face away as she went past him to the bedroom.

She had been Mark Bayne's wife for only five months. Before that she had taught in a school in Port-au-Prince, the capital, and Mark had been married to Bobby's mother. Five months was such a short time, really. Yet so much had happened. . . .

She remembered well the day Mark and Millicent had first come into her life. They had a problem. They lived far from the city, and Bobby had to go to school. "Since you're to be his teacher, and you live alone, perhaps you would consider letting him stay with you," Mark had suggested.

She remembered his hesitant grin, attractive and very human on his big, strong face. "Six-year-olds can be a problem, I know," he said. "But Bobby's a good boy. I think you'll like him."

She had not been sure it would work out. Life for a young unmarried woman in Port-au-Prince was full of unexpected turns; and besides, she had come to Haiti to study painting. But she needed the money, and even at that first meeting, Bobby had captured her heart.

"Well . . . we could try it," she'd said.

She had never questioned Bobby about his parents. Mark, she knew, had been an independent planter since breaking away from one of the big sugar companies years before. Of Millicent's background she knew nothing. They came to the capital once a month to visit their son.

Bobby, she soon realized, had his father's intelligence and his mother's charm. Physically, he resembled Millicent; he was a bit small for his age, and a bundle of energy. His mother was a slender, restless woman whose beauty impressed everyone.

It was during Bobby's second term in school that tragedy struck at the Baynes. MRS. BAYNE KILLED IN JEEP ACCIDENT, the newspaper reported. The story continued: "On the night before last, the dangerous mountain road from Jérémie to the Bayne Plantation caused the death of Millicent Bayne, wife of the plantation owner. It is believed that Mrs. Bayne dozed at the wheel while returning alone to the plantation at night, or perhaps she was frightened by some animal appearing suddenly in the headlights. The jeep apparently plunged off the road and dropped ninety feet down a cliff, where it was discovered yesterday by a search party."

FOUR months later, in April, Mark Bayne asked Judith if she would consider coming out to the plantation when school closed. "Bobby will be lonely," he said, "and you'll like it there. It will be cooler than in the capital. . . ."

She went.

Falling in love with him had been easy, because she already loved his son; and because he was a man any woman could love—strong but gentle, kind, always considerate. She knew she loved him long before the evening in August when, drawing his veranda chair closer to hers, he reached out for her hand and said quietly: "If I were to ask you to marry me, Judith, what would you say?"

For a moment, overcome with happiness, she could say nothing.

"Bobby loves you," he pressed, misunderstanding her silence. And then, earnestly: "I do too, Judith. Very much. Haven't you guessed it?"

Did he love her? She was not sure. Up to that moment, his love-making had consisted of sitting with her, during the evenings, on the bungalow veranda, sometimes reading, more often moodily gazing into space as though troubled with memories.

But she knew it did not matter. He and Bobby had become the most important people in her life. Without them she would be nothing. So, in September, journeying together to Port-au-Prince, she and Mark were married.

That had been five months ago. A long, difficult, frightening five months.

Hurrying from the bedroom after changing into slacks, Judith found Mark in the yard, giving instructions to Celeste and Alcibiades, the yard boy. "Go down to the village," he told them. "If Bobby is not there, look along the road to the beach. Mrs. Bayne and I will search the ridge road, where he went last time. If you find him, blow the whistle to let us know." He pressed a lantern and a torch into Judith's hands. "All right, Judith. Let's go."

The roads he mentioned were not roads at all, really, but footpaths, some of them winding for miles through the mountains. The one along the ridge was seldom used even by the peasants.

Mark walked on in silence, angry with her, Judith supposed, because she had allowed Bobby to wander off. His devotion to the boy was frightening sometimes. In the beginning she had loved him for it. Few fathers, she had been sure, were so wonderfully close to their children. But one day she had taken Bobby to Jérémie in the jeep, and there, escaping from her vigilance, the boy had disappeared for several hours.

In itself it was nothing. No child, certainly no white child, could stay lost for long in a town the size of Jérémie. But Bobby's little excursion had forced her to stay in the town overnight, since Mark had made her promise never to drive at night over the road to the plantation—the one on which Millicent had been killed.

She had taken a room at the local

ILLUSTRATED BY OSTRICK

Suddenly Judith saw it too. Far below in the depths of the pit—a patch of blue cloth

pension. At midnight Mark had arrived on horseback, frantic with anxiety. And he was furious when he learned what had happened. "You let him get *lost?*" That tone of voice was new to Judith; so was the sudden draining of colour from his face.

"Darling, he's a small boy with a small boy's natural inclination to go exploring. Don't be so upset about nothing."

"Nothing? You call it nothing?"

Her eyes were opened that day. His anger, she realized, was unnatural. And so, in a way, was the intense affection for Bobby that inspired it. Shocked, she saw that the degree of his devotion to the boy was not a good thing at all.

WATCHING him more closely thereafter, she came to understand what lay behind it. The dreary evenings when he sat with a book but saw nothing on the printed page, the times he took himself for long walks without explanation—it all went back to those nights before their marriage when he had sat staring into space, tormented by memories. It was not Bobby he loved so fiercely, but Millicent.

She tried to talk to him about it but he refused to discuss it. There was no one else she could turn to. Mark had introduced her to friends in Jérémie, but she scarcely knew them. In any case she would not have gone to them with a problem so personal. . . .

Now, tonight, he was angry again. The length of his stride betrayed him. She was able to keep up only because he halted every little while to shout Bobby's name.

Half an hour from the house, Mark halted by a rough wall of rock and looked up. "That's where he got to last time. That little cave up there." He began climbing.

Judith climbed after him and, standing by his side on a narrow ledge, peered in. The cave contained nothing; it was only a hole dug by some peasant in need of limestone to plaster his hut. They returned to the path, and Mark scowled at her. "Well—what do you think?"

Judith was beginning to be frightened. "He has never gone beyond the ridge before, Mark."

"Has he got a torch?"

"The one you gave him for his birthday. He even takes it to bed."

"Come on, then. We're wasting time."

She saw presently why Bobby had never gone farther before. From this

Second wife

continued from previous page

point on, the path plunged downward, and after five minutes she was certain it must fall into a bottomless pit.

The trail worsened. Boulders gave way to thickets of thorn-bush; insects by the score rushed against the glass of the lanterns. No small boy could possibly have endured such torment, Judith told herself.

And then by the edge of a trickle of water they discovered shoe prints to prove her wrong.

This time, studying the water-filled indentations, Mark called her attention to something else. In the same patch of mud was the blurred imprint of a naked foot.

"Someone is with him."

"Mark!" She was suddenly seized with terror. "That *ouanga* I found on the gate this morning. . . ."

She saw a blend of anger and apprehension take possession of Mark's face. His fingers tightened on her wrist. "I know where to look for him now," he said grimly. "Come on!"

FOR ten minutes more he plunged on through the darkness, Judith struggling to keep up. Then abruptly he turned toward a wilderness of boulders at the base of a perpendicular cliff.

It seemed to be a favourite spot for fireflies. Hundreds of the luminous insects swarmed there, and by their eerie light Judith saw a dark opening among the rocks—the mouth of a cave.

Halting there, Mark put down his lantern. "Bobby!" he shouted.

Reaching his side, Judith clutched his arm. "Mark—is it a big cave?"

"I don't know how big it is. Only that they use it for their voodoo. Put your lantern out, Judith."

"Out?"

"We may need it later. Use your torch as little as you can. Stay close."

She followed him into the darkness, knowing that he still blamed her for what had happened. But she loved Millicent's child as much as he did, she thought fiercely.

Thousands of bats must have dwelt in that underground labyrinth, and their droppings formed a thick carpet.

The footprints of Bobby and his kidnapper were distinct.

Kidnapper? There could be no other word, Judith told herself in panic. Bobby never would have ventured into such a terrifying place on his own.

Mark, pushing on without rest, had stopped calling the boy's name. The silence was eerie. Not even the bats ventured this far from the entrance.

Halting, Mark held his lantern high and frowned at a forest of stalagmites confronting them. The long beam of Judith's torch barely disclosed a rounded opening in the far wall.

From the opening came a sound, faint but persistent. Drums.

"It can't be the village people," Judith whispered. "We're too far off."

Mark shook his head and she saw that his face was white. "That isn't *bamboche* drumming. Those are *rada* drums. Voodoo." He strode forward, reckless now in his anxiety. Then, with a harsh "Look out," he flung an arm around a stalagmite to halt himself. Before him was an open pit.

At his feet lay a small glass jar, glowing with pale green fire.

"Fireflies!" Judith said. "Mark, he *was* hunting them." She felt faint.

Ignoring her, Mark threw himself flat and looked over the edge of the cleft. Judith crept to his side.

It was not a wide fissure. Even at the top a man forewarned of its presence could jump across it, and forty or fifty feet below the rim the walls appeared to converge. But that might be an illusion, Judith realized. There could be space enough between them, even there, for a falling body to keep falling.

The lantern light, reaching down, touched upon something. Mark turned his head. "Can you lie beside me?"

She did so, and he put an arm about her to support her as she leaned forward. His grip was steady.

"Look there where I'm aiming the light. Is that a patch of blue cloth?"

A sob was the only answer she could give him. She saw a fragment of blue denim—nothing more. The rest was hidden by an overhanging ledge immediately above it. But the denim was part of a pair of trousers, surely.

Mark lifted her up. "We'll have to manage it without a rope, somehow. Hold your torch for me, Judith. I'm going down."

"You'll be killed!" she gasped.

He looked at her steadily. "If the boy is unconscious but alive, he's in danger of coming to and rolling off the ledge. Now get a grip on yourself."

She watched him sit on the floor to pull off his guano-caked shoes. From the tunnel mouth on the far side flowed the faint pulsebeat of the drums.

Mark said: "All right, Judith."

In a trance she followed his descent. This was her punishment, to know that she loved him but could not help him. To know he must risk his life because of her carelessness.

A cry of horror broke from her. The weight of Mark's body, dangling in space above the first jutting ledge, had pulled his hands from their insecure hold. As he slid towards the abyss, she felt that she, too, was sliding.

A desperate grab saved him. Resting a moment, he put himself to the next drop with infinite care.

At last, crouching on the ledge just above the patch of blue denim, he looked up, his face white with strain.

Suddenly Judith heard a sound. She looked across the cavern. "Mark, wait! I hear something!"

His muffled answer came up to her but she did not hear what he said. She stared at a wavering light in the tunnel across the chamber, brightening now into a smoky red glare. With it came voices and a sound of footfalls.

Judith remembered the voodoo drums, and apprehension gripped her.

The long beam of her torch fell on a small white face in the darkness. She leaped to her feet. "Bobby!"

It *was* Bobby. He clung to the hand of a ragged old man whom she had seen many times in the village. Other villagers, men and women, crowded behind them with flares held high.

"Be careful!" Judith warned. "Look out for the pit!"

KNEELING again, she gazed down at Mark's questioning face. "It's Bobby, Mark! With some people from the village. He's safe!"

For a moment he only stared up at her. Then, not loudly, he said: "There's a boy on the ledge below me, Judith. Have the people got a rope?"

Bobby was sobbing now, trying to tell her something. The others grouped behind her, held in awe by the realization that she was talking to someone down there in the darkness.

Understanding at last what Bobby was saying, she glanced with sudden compassion at one of the women. "Mark, it's the oyster-woman's little boy. He was with Bobby. They were looking for fireflies."

"Have they got a rope?" Mark demanded.

"No."

"Send someone for one, then. And Judith—if Bobby is all right, have him taken home."

Her mind could focus only on the danger Mark was in, not on the greater significance of what he meant to do.

Unconsciously imitating his own harsh tone, she relayed his commands.

"Hold the light steady," Mark said.

Steady. She braced herself and bit her lip to keep down her terror. He was going on down. He could have waited for the rope, she told herself. No one would have blamed him.

HIS face was hidden from her. The light showed only his hands, creeping over the stone, and the top of his head as he looked down to find footholds.

He stopped. She saw a foot reach out to brace itself against the opposite wall. Saw him bend forward gingerly and reach down. When he straightened, a small, limp figure was in his arms.

"Judith." From that awkward position he could not look up. "He's alive. But he's half-conscious."

Judith turned quickly and spoke in Creole to the boy's mother; then she had to snatch at the woman's dress and hold her as, with a loud cry, she rushed towards the pit's edge. "Ti-André!" the woman wailed. "Ti-André!"

Judith held her fast. "It's all right, Nichole. Monsieur will keep him safe until they come with the rope."

She thought the waiting would never end. In the pit Mark was silent, braced there against the converging walls.

Half an hour passed. The peasants had snuffed out their pine-stick flares and the light of her torch was dim.

The people about her were whispering now. Monsieur was so brave, so brave! And so *sympathique*.

"Yes, *sympathique*." That was the old man speaking, somewhere behind her. He muffled his Creole so as not to be understood by an outsider, but she knew what he was saying. "It is because he has suffered so much," he said. "That first wife of his gave him no peace. Whenever things did not please her, *li té allé caille maman*."

Judith felt herself stiffen. Literally, the Creole words meant *she went home to mother*, but he did not intend them to be taken literally. "Rum and other men!" he went on scornfully. "And I know how often, too. More than once she had to be driven back from Jérémie when she could not handle the jeep."

Judith heard a drum beating. But it was not a drum. It was her heart.

"Yes, he has suffered," the voice droned on. "And because of it he is too often troubled and impatient, as when he discharged Alberic Jean last week for a small offence . But being an uncle of the boy in the pit, Alberic will stop making *ouangas* now, I think."

A shout jolted Judith back to a realization of where she was. A youth had returned with a rope. . . .

All the way back to the plantation the clear strong voices of the women were lifted in song. Mark fell back to Judith's side.

"Voodoo in itself isn't a sinister thing," he explained quietly. "Tonight these people were holding a simple *mangé loa* in the cave—a ritual food offering to the spirits. The boys heard the drumming and followed it, a mistake that took them deeper and deeper into the place because the natives don't use the entrance we used; they go in from the other side of the ridge."

Judith could picture little Ti-André forging ahead, unaware of the pit until too late; Bobby circling the pit and plunging on into the darkness, knowing the drums meant people and people would help him. She looked at Mark's face. How proud he must be of his son! But she saw no pride.

Celeste was waiting on the veranda, with Bobby. Mark went straight to the boy and stood before him, hands on hips, so angry that Bobby shrank away.

"I have been very patient with you," Mark said. "I must have talked to you a hundred times, and it hasn't done a bit of good, has it? Why did you run away tonight?"

"I—Ti-André and I were hunting fireflies," Bobby said. His voice was small and frightened.

"I've told you again and again. . . ."

"Mark," Judith stepped to his side.

He scarcely turned his head. "Please, Judith. I know what I'm doing." His hands lay on the boy's small shoulders. "Now you listen to me, young man. I've tried to reason with you and it hasn't worked. Now I'm warning you. If this sort of thing happens again, you're going to be punished. Do you understand?"

Bobby, gazing at the veranda floor, vaguely moved his head up and down. With a sigh, Mark released him.

"Go to bed now, Bobby," Judith said quietly. When he had gone, she looked at her husband.

Mark was standing there at the veranda rail as he had stood so many times before, a figure of despair and loneliness, staring into space.

"Mark," she said softly, "he's only a boy."

"I know he's only a boy," Mark said unhappily. "But. . . ."

"You're seeing things that aren't there. Remember, he's *your* son, too, and you like things that offer a challenge. If you weren't that kind of man, you wouldn't be living and working here at the end of the road on a tropical island." He turned his head and she smiled at him, sure of herself now, certain she could make him understand. "He's really a very brave little boy, Mark. When Ti-André fell into the pit, your son didn't panic and run away; he went on into that terrible darkness alone, to get help. *Her* son wouldn't have done that, perhaps, but yours did."

Mark seemed to find it difficult to speak. At last he whispered: "You—you know about Millicent?"

"I know."

"Who told you?"

"The natives, tonight, in the cave."

JUDITH looked up into his face, her gaze steady and sure. It had been so full of misery for so long, that face. All this time he had been haunted by the fear that the son he loved would turn out to be like Millicent. In watching Bobby so closely for the dreaded telltale signs, he had discovered them where they did not exist.

The fear had become an obsession. But now at last a flicker of relief shone through the doubts.

"I—I didn't want you to know," he said. "For Bobby's sake, I didn't want. . . ."

"But I do know," Judith said gently, still gazing into his face. "Now you can stop being afraid, Mark. Now you can remember he's your son too—and mine. I've been his teacher, remember. Little boys learn a lot from their teachers." She stepped closer to him. "*Our* son," she said. "Ours, darling. And tonight I'm very proud of both my son and my husband."

Mark hesitated, just for one more moment. Then he reached for her hand. "All right," he said. "Come on . . . let's go and *tell* him that we're proud of him." THE END

© *Hugh B. Cave, 1958*

THE JOURNEY HOME

EDITH BLAKE

The lift gates clash and we descend the pit
Clutching our papers, ready to dash for it,
Darting a downward glance at racing scores,
Tensing ourselves to race through sliding doors,
Look back in anger as they rasp the skin
Off our new shoes, and then give thanks we're in
Fast bound for home; with sighs of relaxation
We read and snooze, and sail right through
our station.

from income tax during the void period.

CLAIMING A MEDAL

CAN you tell me how I go about applying for the Defence Medal for the last war? I was a nurse in Liverpool.—Mrs. D. S. H., Mongl-Lealui, Barotseland.

● Set out the full details of your war service and apply to the Assistant Under-Secretary of State, Home Office, London, S.W.1.

A MINOR BREACH

WHAT is the legal situation of either one of an engaged couple if the other breaks the engagement and one of the two is under twenty-one? I say that if the girl is under twenty-one she cannot sue the man for breach of promise.—C. T., Arksey, Yorks.

● If at the time of the engagement to marry, one of the parties is under the age of twenty-one, he or she may break the engagement without being liable for breach of promise.

ANCESTRAL PROBE

HOW can I trace my family tree on my mother's side? A firm of solicitors in America is looking for a certain woman and I am sure that as a child I heard of an aunt with that name.—Mrs. F. H., Hull.

● Apply to the General Register Office, Somerset House, Strand, London, W.C.2, for a copy of your mother's birth certificate. This will give information about your mother's parents.

Then you use this information to obtain copies of your grandparents' marriage certificate and even birth certificates.

These will help you go farther back—to around 1840 or 1850 when Somerset House records first began.

In your application you should quote the full *maiden* name of the person whose birth registration you seek, give some information concerning the district in which she was born and the approximate year of birth.

Enclose a fee of 3s. 9d. for each five-year period over which you wish a search to be made together with 3s. 9d. for a full certificate.

A solicitor would do all this for you.

BOTTLE ROT

ON holiday in Spain I bought a leather wine bottle. It was hung up to drain and now the interior pocket seems to have rotted. What can I do to improve its condition?—Miss M. S., Manchester, 16.

● A wine expert suggests that you fill your bottle with a cheap sherry (not a white wine) and leave it for about three days. The sherry will be unfit for drinking, as it will have absorbed any surplus dressing which the dried leather will have thrown up, but the bottle should be improved. More sherry poured into the bottle may be affected in the same way, but it might turn out to be drinkable. This treatment is something of an experiment.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

▶ **Safety-first heater:** A portable electric heater which automatically switches itself off if accidentally overturned, and switches itself on again when righted. Cold air is drawn in through the base of the heater and expelled by a jet propulsion system spreading a mushroom of warm air which hits the ceiling, fans out round the rooms, falls as it cools and circulates through the heater again. The Vectron space heater is available in a range of colours and in a scratch-resistant finish. 2 kW capacity which can be switched down to 1 kW. Price, with purchase tax, £12 4s. 6d. Made by Thermair Domestic Appliances, Ltd., Izons Lane, Oldbury Road, West Bromwich.

▶ **Permanent magnet:** Which can be used against metal in the kitchen to hold recipe sheets or shopping lists, in the car to hold light road maps, or in the office for letters or papers, not to mention many other uses.

This Magnahold consists of a permanent magnet sealed in a plastic case in a colour choice of green, yellow or red. Price 5s. direct from the manufacturers John Sydney Ltd., 1 Streatham Place, London, S.W.2.

▶ **It's a bore:** Time-saver for the handyman is a set of shaped drills which will bore, counterbore and countersink holes for wood screws in one rapid action. A spring stop can adjust the bore to three depths: (1) for flush screws, (2) shallow countersink to take wood filler, (3) deep countersink to take wood plug or dowel. 10s. 9d. per set of four drills. Makers: Thos. R. Ellin (Footprint Works), Ltd., Hollis Croft, Sheffield, 1.

▶ **Inexpensive draught excluder:** Plasticine, rolled into long strips and pressed firmly around the window frames, makes an effective draught excluder which will remain draught- and water-proof for several months. In a range of different colours, Plasticine may be stripped off when spring comes. (Mrs. G. M. Foster, Gravesend.)

▶ **Light in dark places:** Fetching coal in the dark can be a messy business. Tie a torch to the handle of your shovel and you will be able to see what you are doing. (Mr. Stephen Jowett, Nuneaton.)

I know," said Ali Raafat. "I owed my friend a life and now I shall repay." He reached forward and suddenly twitched over the table which barricaded Li from him. A lamp shattered on the floor and the air grew sharp with methylated spirit.

Li Chieng-Wei's eyes widened in alarm and he lunged forward with the knife. Ali stepped back one pace and put his hands to his belt. There was a snick and a sound like a sigh, then something long and glittering appeared and he swung it two-handed at the throat of Li Chieng-Wei. The gambler's body stood for a fraction of a second then collapsed in a heap at Ali's feet.

ALI turned and went out. Rare Jade still crouched at the foot of the stairs. He saw her face as he opened the street door, it held no fear any longer, neither was there any sorrow in it. Ali walked on towards the waterside.

He left Port of Spain on the afternoon tide a day later, seated on the stern deck of a Canpac freighter on the Halifax run and watching the green hills pass him by for the last time, neither glad to go nor sorry to leave.

The night held no moon and when the ship was far out beyond depths at which a diver can plunge, Ali went up on deck again with the red leather belt in his hands. He slipped a secret catch and drew from it the long, flexible Damascus blade which had slept so long in its crescent of death about his waist and about the waist of his father and his father's father before that. Time out of mind way back into the days of the Crusades. He drew out the blade and watched the starlight flicker in it, then hurled it far from him, wheeling out across the black waste of water until the point dipped and pierced the heart of a wave and was lost to view for ever. He looked then once at the belt and hardened his heart and threw that from him too after the blade.

"In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate," said Ali Raafat, and went below. THE END

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BURCO

ELECTRIC BOILER

YOU KNOW YOURSELF that boiling is the only way to get things really clean, really germ-free, really white. Hankies, towels, nappies, sheets, pillowcases and overalls *must* be boiled. And what's more, you get the best results from detergents when you use them at the boil. For the cleanest, freshest wash of all you need the real, surging boil of a Burco.

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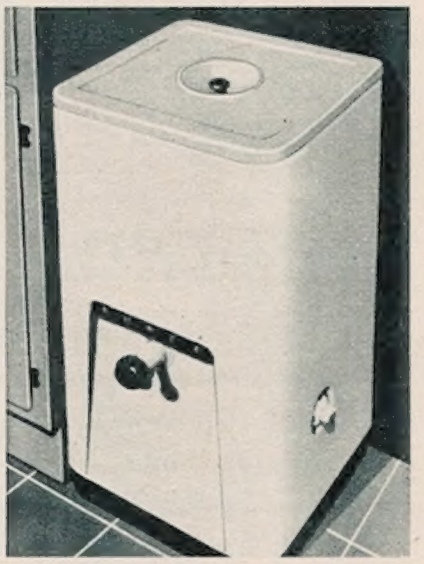

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October, 1936: Mosley and his Blackshirts march through London's East End. Now his target is Kensington

continued from previous page

betrayed. That's when I went into politics.

"I was a boy of twenty-one. To me, Parliament meant the Conservative Party, so I went to party headquarters and told them I wanted to stand."

He had been sent to Harrow Central, where he had taken his place with other prospective candidates at an adoption meeting.

"I spoke for fifteen minutes, a poor speech, monotonous and learned by heart. Then they began asking me questions and suddenly I seemed to wake up. I can still remember it happening. The words came to me. I spoke for an hour, not just replying, but giving real speeches, spontaneous speeches. An extraordinary moment of revelation in my life. I knew I had the power of speech.

"That's how it began. I was adopted. I was elected, the youngest M.P. for fifty years. At first I worked very quietly in Parliament, a good new boy—until the autumn of 1920 when a friend came to me with reports of what was happening with the Black and Tans in Ireland. At first I didn't believe them. When I did I went to the leaders of the party. I tried to persuade them to do something privately. They refused. So I opened up in the House myself—publicly and single-handed.

The hatred starts

"There was uproar. The shock to me was tremendous. For six months I was the most reviled man in the House. I faced constantly hostility from my party and their press. A terrible ordeal for a boy of twenty-three. But they didn't succeed in putting me down, and I was joined by others and we brought the atrocities to an end.

"So that was my first taste of notoriety and being in the limelight under savage attack.

"It made my reputation in the country. I was a marked man. And inevitably, after I had examined other social issues, I moved towards the Labour Party, which was then the party of revolution and change. And so my second ordeal began."

Mosley's eyes had been flashing fairly freely as he spoke, and from time to time he had held up and examined his large, freckled hands. With the years his voice has developed something of an old man's boom, but his personal magnetism—which observers of the thirties likened to that of Hitler's—remains. His face is astonishingly mobile. One moment it is long and sombre; the next, as he flashes eyes and teeth, it is alive with aggression.

I said: "Many people would regard you as unstable. You started with the Right, moved to the Left, swung over to the extreme Right again with your Fascist Party. How do you regard this charge?"

"I deny it entirely. Oh, I expect some instability in the young—young men should search for the truth. But for myself I have been seeking the same things throughout. I certainly didn't find them with Labour."

"What went wrong with Labour?"

"Above all, the failure to deal with unemployment. We won the election in 1929 because we said we could deal with it. As one of the three ministers charged with the problem, I wanted action, rapid action——"

"You were very young to be a minister with such an important job."

It's history now

"Oh," Mosley said negligently, "I was considered the most effective speaker in the party at that time. I was the main political speaker at the annual miners' gala at Durham—hundred thousand of 'em there. I wound up every by-election campaign for years. I had the best election-winning record of anyone in the party. I practically kicked the Chamberlains out of Birmingham, which they had held for sixty years—won six seats out of twelve for the party. History, now. History, all of it.

"Anyway, when I came to deal with unemployment, what did I find? That my colleagues were playing the fool. That they were a pack of clowns, all of them, with the exception only of good, loyal old Lansbury—heart of gold but a head of feathers.

"I could tell you endless stories, of Cabinet meetings and the rest. If Bernard Shaw had put them on the stage you'd have said he was going too far. I found incapacity. I found lack of seriousness. I found feuds and squabbles.

"And they talked. And they toured. And they had a thundering good time—while the unemployment figures went up and up.

"So there was I, a serious young minister, having to sit there and listen to their ridiculous little proposals and to watch their clowning antics, and I knew I'd had enough. After eleven years with the old parties, the time had come for me to go out into the streets of Britain to find men enough to make a serious movement with a serious policy. The times demanded no less."

Mosley had been talking quietly, almost to himself, but a fleck of foam stood on his lip and his colour had mounted.

I said: "Who was behind you at that time?"

"A few people in the House, John Strachey among them. Several literary men. Harold Nicolson edited my paper, *Action*. A lot of very distinguished and brilliant people signed my manifesto. It can't be held against them today," he said with irony. "There was soon a parting of the ways. I should say Bernard Shaw was the strongest influence on me at that time. We were very close. He was a great constructive thinker."

"When did you part company with Shaw?"

"I never did. We were always very friendly."

"Didn't he oppose your later policies?"

"He was very much in agreement with them. A whole series of his plays, the more constructive ones, were very much our stuff. He was far nearer in thought to us than to the party to which he nominally belonged."

"By 'us' and 'our stuff' you mean Fascism?"

"Yes."

"You're saying Shaw was a Fascist but he didn't know it?"

"To a large extent he did know it. He actively encouraged me to break away and form my new party. He suggested several names for it—the Activists was one, I remember. Yet curiously—and it is very characteristic of the intellectual—when it was all done, when the party was formed and I was just coming out, at the last moment he tried to stop me.

"He'd been to see the Webbs and others, and wrote urgently to me, and we met and he tried to dissuade me. He said my mission lay within the party, that I must remain and succeed Ramsay MacDonald as leader. Well," Mosley said, and he flashed his eyes with a brief, coughing laugh, "it was too late. I was already committed."

So near to power

He was silent for a few moments, reflecting over it.

I said: "Do you think, looking back, that you went wrong at that point? Did Fascism really stand much of a chance in Britain?"

"If the war had not intervened," Mosley said calmly, "I should without question have won power—certainly by the early nineteen-forties. Nothing could stop us. We were simply sweeping ahead. In July, 1939, I addressed the largest indoor meeting ever held in the world, at Earls Court. My supporters were the flower of the working class—solid, sensible people."

"The public image is of men of violence."

"Oh, yes. And how did that arise? How did the uniform, all that business, arise? It is quite untrue that I set out to copy the uniforms of Italy, Germany or anybody else. The uniform arose because if great fights are forced upon you, you win more easily if your people are in uniform. Everyone who knows anything about soldiering or police work knows that."

I asked: "Would you say that you were never provocative?"

"No. Not deliberately."

"What about your great prewar East End marches and meetings? I think it is accepted that your men frightened the Jews of the East End, who associated them with German racial theories."

"We absolutely forbade, naturally, any violence against Jews or intimidation. We always said we attacked some Jews for what they do, and not all Jews for what they are."

"There was, nevertheless, an anti-Jewish tinge about your movement?"

"Some Jewish interests were attacked by us very strongly for definite reasons—that's not denied."

"Therefore, your marches through the East End could be considered a provocation of the Jewish inhabitants?"

"Somebody is always annoyed by a dynamic policy, and the Jew isn't a specially protected person. It might, for instance, be said that the Labour Party, being violently anti-capitalist, would also terrify the little employers of the East End when they went through denouncing capitalists and employers."

"At any rate, there was great opposition to you?"

"Yes. We were violently opposed by the Reds."

"Wouldn't it therefore have required violence to achieve victory?"

Hitler's mistake

"Not at all. We were making enormous gains—in the trade unions and among the young people. What you've got to understand is that in conditions of economic crisis, movements of our character can come to power with tremendous speed. The crisis didn't mature because of the war. It still hasn't matured because of an industrial boom.

"But it will mature."

"You think your movement could still come to power despite the experience of Germany and Italy?"

"German Fascism went wrong because Hitler sacrificed too many basic liberties in the name of action. It's a thing all of us who are men of action have got to be on our guard against."

"Do you now regard Hitler as a wicked man?"

"Hitler was a man," Mosley said slowly, "who set himself the task of putting right many wrongs that existed in Germany. In his search for action, it can be said that he went too far."

"Was he wicked?"

"Undoubtedly things took place in Germany that should not have taken place. Mind you, these things have never been proved in a neutral court of law."

"What things do you mean?"

"The events that took place—that are alleged to have taken place—in the German concentration camps towards the end of the war."

"Don't you think they did take place?"

"Until there is a proper trial in a neutral forum in which both plaintiff and accused can state their case, I can't accept the verdict."

"Do you think the evidence was cooked?"

"I make no charges. I merely say that the condemnation of the whole of the German people as criminals is completely phoney——"

"You would regard merely the leaders as criminals?"

"I'll say this. Any leader who

continued on page 30

Crisis weekend for our rebel athletes

Now Britain's out-of-pocket amateurs take on Russia's pampered stars. Defeat could lead to a showdown—with their own officials

by PETER GREENWOOD

WHEN Fred Norris, a thirty-seven year old miner and one of the world's best long-distance runners, was invited to represent Britain in the last Olympic Games in Melbourne, he accepted with some misgivings.

The month's trip to Australia cost him £80 in loss of wages and another £20 in pocket money. While athletes from most other countries, including Sweden, Russia and America, received generous personal allowances for the period, Norris and many of his team-mates skimped along on pennies.

That was not all. To make it possible for Norris to run for his country in the first place, his wife Doris had to go back to work as a weaver in a Lancashire mill.

This week, because of injury, Norris will miss the big athletics match between Britain and Russia in Moscow. "It's a relief in a way. I will save thirty pounds in pay, and my wife can look after the house and family instead of a set of looms," he says.

Ready for revolt

British athletics officials probably feel some relief, as well. The absence of Norris in Moscow has saved them explaining away another hard-time story in British sport—the last thing they want to have to do at the moment.

Top athletes in this country, tired of being the poor relations of international sport, are in a state of mind for revolt. Last February more than seventy of them—many angered by what they regard as an outmoded conception of amateurism on the part of the British Amateur Athletic Board—crowded into the London flat of Derek Johnson, the half-miler, after forming the International Athletes' Club. As a start they asked for representation on the board.

Instead, three weeks ago, members of the club agreed to meet representatives of the board periodically as a joint consultative committee to "discuss matters affecting international athletics." This is generally regarded as an uneasy truce.

Most of the fifty men and women competing against Russia's State-sponsored stars this week are among the revolutionaries.

Peter Hildreth, a hurdler and chairman of the club, claims that it is absurd to treat internationals as pure amateurs. Hildreth, who earns "considerably less than a thousand pounds a year" as an administrator at Guy's Hospital, was called on to run in a hundred top-class races last year.

Another top athlete has estimated that three years of international competition have cost him £500.

Few British athletes of international calibre can really afford the time and money they devote to their sport. At Melbourne the pocket-money poverty of many of them was so painfully obvious that the Swedes talked about making a collection to help the Britons.

Another time, Ernest Clynes, the secretary of the Amateur Athletic Association, had to buy stamped letter-cards for our sportsmen and women. At least one runner simply could not afford to write home.

By contrast, Russia's internationals are given unlimited time, facilities and expenses to train and compete. For really big occasions, such as this week's clash with Britain, they are brought to peak fitness in special training camps.

The system has produced phenomenal results in the last few years. While in the 1952 Olympic Games no Russian man won a gold medal, in the 1954 European Games Russia's men's and women's teams were placed first, and at Melbourne won ninety-eight medals.

In America, good athletes are coaxed into colleges by offers of "sports scholarships" with liberal expenses. Even Pakistan's athletes, who are mostly in the army, train nearly full time and spend most summers in Europe at their country's expense.

Britain's athletes, however, remain as true-blue amateur as they were in

Gordon Pirie goes training with his athlete wife. He missed Britain's last match because he couldn't afford to lose his wages. But Russia's stars, like Sergei Popov and his wife Galina Vinogradova, below, are State sponsored. They receive generous "expenses"

GILBERT HARDING SAYS...

Please don't show me your snapshots

I WISH I had taken a camera with me when I went on holiday. In Dublin, alone, I saw so many things that were memorable and worthy of record—the gulls perched on the solemn head of a statue; the Guinness barges dipping their funnels under the Liffey bridges; an ancient cab driver (I believe he is called a "jarvey") wearing a battered, almost mossy, bowler, asleep near the Four Courts; the ragged newspaper boys, an old flower-seller in Moore Street, and the lively, witty, almost eighteenth-century faces to be seen in the Dublin pubs.

A camera is a fine stimulus to seeing. Nobody writes long letters, these days, giving "impressions" of unfamiliar cities. Today we can be lazy and snap away. Cameras are so technically excellent and foolproof that even I could take good pictures, I feel sure, though my fingers are as clumsy as sausages.

There are professional photographers of the old school who deplore this easing of the amateur's technical task. They are made jealous when they see mere beginners achieving almost professional results.

I like professional photographers; some of my best friends carry cameras for their living. I am always as helpful and as polite to a photographer as I can possibly be because a lot of people, who ought to know better, are not. But I refuse to believe that they are a very special kind of technician.

The good photographers are artists. Technically, my old friend Baron was no great shakes. Out of his studio he behaved like a golfer with a number of caddies. Someone carried a light meter and gave him the readings. Prepared cameras were passed to him. But he knew what he was doing.

Details bore me

Surely the art—if photography is an art—lies in the picture that is produced, not in manipulating knobs, dials, press buttons and clickers. Means matter little. *How* a good photograph was obtained does not matter a tinker's cuss. (It would have made my holiday in Ireland if I had heard a tinker cuss.) I do not want to know about the chemical composition of Rembrandt's paint, or whether his sitter sat in a north light, or if his brush was camel hair or squirrel. What does matter — and it is all that matters—is the end product.

I have often seen superb pictures taken by quite cheap and simple cameras. In fact, some of the finest pictures ever taken were the work of Mrs. Julia Cameron and of the Rev. Charles Dodgson (of *Alice in Wonderland* fame) in the very early days of the camera. They were good photographs because the person behind the camera had taste, imagination, a sense of humour and of character.

I am all for forgetting about "art," about what competition and picture editors would call "good" pictures, and all for just shooting off at what pleases yourself.

I was once up on Deeside and saw the Queen driving to church from Balmoral. The approach to the church is always lined by holiday-makers who have an excellent view of the royal churchgoers as the car climbs slowly up the lane to the grey-stone kirk.

It's all their own

Hardly a soul looked at the Royal Family, whom they had presumably come miles to see. The crowd, almost to a man, was peering into view-finders, fiddling with exposure meters, and snapping away madly.

Perhaps the "good" picture there was of all those optimistic photographers, not looking but snapping, really ignoring their Queen. But if I had had a camera with me, I, too, would have loosed off loyally, in the hope of getting something of my very own of the royal churchgoers, good, bad, or indifferent though it might be.

Somewhere around, I have a few snapshots of the Rocky Mountains which I took from a moving train window at considerable personal risk when I had more of the figure to take such chances. You might sneer at them; a professional photographer certainly would. But, never mind. They are not good photographs of the mountains but, to me, they are much more. They represent a mood of youthful enthusiasm and fresh wonder. Such a moment will not come to me again but I know I could at least recapture something of it if I could once more lay my hands on those snaps.

It is a deeply rooted, very human, wish to collect souvenirs of the occasions that have meant something to us.

And by far the best are our own souvenirs, which we can make with any camera. All I ask, however, is that no one tries to show his souvenirs to me. I am always meeting people who, at the slightest sign of encouragement, or even with no encouragement at all, produce from their wallets pictures of the kiddies paddling at Pwllheli "and that's the wife—the sun was in her eyes."

Snapshots are for private enjoyment. They are rarely art, and as rarely pretend to be. But they can mean a lot—to the person who took them.

THE END

British athletes

continued from previous page

the twenties. Contemporaries of that period who are now in powerful official positions—such as the Marquess of Exeter, formerly the hurdler Lord Burghley, and Harold Abrahams, once a fine sprinter—intend to keep them that way.

So does Jack Crump, the secretary of the British Amateur Athletic Board, a fast-talking and friendly headmaster type of man who last year received the O.B.E. for thirty years' service to the sport.

In the face of opposition to the official line of rigid amateurism, he says that he cannot see what athletes are complaining about.

"We take them all over the world, pay all bills and expenses, and treat them like V.I.P.s. Do they expect us to burn incense at their shrines?" he asks.

Throughout his career, Crump has been sniped at for alleged dictatorial methods, meanness with expenses, an excessive fondness for overseas trips. To each of these charges he pulls out his rule books and points to the letter of the law.

His righteous attitude infuriates athletes, who think the law is an ass.

"Paid in peanuts"

Last September, Derek Johnson, the secretary of the International Athletes' Club, accused the British board, which controls and selects international teams, of treating athletes as "half-witted, performing monkeys, to be grateful for every peanut thrown their way."

If they are not grateful for peanuts, British athletes have learned to be grateful when other opportunities come their way. Some have even found it hard to get work. On leaving university in 1951 after taking a degree in history, Peter Hildreth applied to two big British firms for a job. The first, a petrol company, did not bother to reply.

The second granted him an interview but turned him down when they heard that he would go on running.

When Sylvia Cheeseman, now the wife of steeplechase runner John Disley, became the first woman in fifteen years to win both British sprint titles, and was told that she would be selected to tour New Zealand her boss called her into his office.

Instead of congratulating her, he gave her a fortnight's notice.

Other firms only grudgingly concede employees the right to split up holidays so as to take part in as many international events as possible.

British athletes are often so badly equipped that a competitor once called them "the ragged regiment of athletics." Until she became a champion, Mrs. Disley trained in cast-off clothing.

Jim Peters, the British marathon runner who collapsed tragically short of the line in the Empire Games in Vancouver, 1954, recalls having to save pennies to buy spiked shoes. "I couldn't afford a track suit even when I was world champion. My wife threaded elastic through old flannels," he says.

Bruce Tulloh, the young Portsmouth runner who won the three miles in the Amateur Athletic Association's championships in July, runs bare-footed. He does it partly, he says, to save money on shoes.

At the European Games in Stockholm last year, a German manufacturer of spiked shoes offered to give a pair to every member of the British team. Jack Crump turned down the offer.

"The manufacturer wanted advertising and that might have compromised the amateur position of my team," says Crump.

No financial aid is given to British athletes by the government, which appears to care little whether the country does well or badly in matches involving national prestige. The money to equip our team for the 1956 Olympics had to be raised by charity appeals.

In 1955, Geoff Elliot, the British Empire pole vault champion, spent £14 on a new pole after his old one was broken when he was injured in a match against Germany.

At about the same time, the Russian athletics authorities bought several hundred vaulting poles from Sweden for practice purposes. They also bought a lot of other equipment, including shoes from Germany and track suits from Finland.

Ernest Clynes holds the official British view that athletics should be a relaxation and that athletes, like week-end golfers and tennis players, should expect to pay, in time and money, for participating. "Full-time training and the semi-professional attitude can be a disadvantage," he says.

Today, more top-class athletes than ever are opposed to this view. The rift between officials and athletes became apparent at the Melbourne Olympics when there was open rebellion in the British team.

At a mass meeting the athletes took a vote on whether they should refuse to travel to Sydney for a British Empire match against America. They voted narrowly in favour of going.

Opinions about the reason for the trouble vary. Clynes maintains that it would not have started had the weather not been bad or had the team had an early success.

But the ringleaders of the revolt insist that the main cause of the moaning was bad relations between athletes and officials.

The atmosphere has not improved greatly since, though John Disley, the treasurer of the athletes' club, believes that, but for bad luck, the Duke of Edinburgh, who is president of the British board, might have brought athletes and officials closer together in June.

The Duke was attending a board meeting at which the athletes' request for non-voting representation on the board was due to be discussed.

At a tea-party half-way through the meeting, Disley and Brian Shenton, the sprinter—members of the Athletics Advisory Council set up after Melbourne to enable athletes to air grievances—were buttonholed by the Duke. In May he had received a letter from the athletes' club explaining its aims.

To the athletes' surprise he demonstrated a full grasp of the subject. He also showed some sympathy for their problems and seemed keen to see the issue settled.

But the Duke left the meeting shortly after tea, and a great chance of an objective mind opening the way to peace in the sport was lost. The request for representation was refused.

Self-made stars

Despite this civil war in our sporting community, results show that there is not much wrong with individual British athletics performances. Since the war, self-made working-class runners such as Jim Peters, Jack Holden, Gordon Pirie, Derek Ibbotson and Fred Norris —with such university runners as Roger Bannister, Chris Chataway and Chris Brasher—have put Britain among the leaders in world athletics.

Just after the war Britain had only one hundred honorary coaches. Now there are two thousand.

In 1936 the Amateur Athletic Association appointed a Finn as chief coach at its summer school. This year a Finnish national coach arrived in Britain to study our coaching methods.

But we have yet to produce a combination that measures up to Russia's State-sponsored team. In the two previous meetings with Russia, Britain won seven events out of thirty-one (1955) and nine out of thirty-one (1957).

How far can a British team improve its performance while so many members are dissatisfied and financially embarrassed? With the world of athletics already looking ahead to the 1960 Olympic Games in Rome, it is becoming an urgent question.

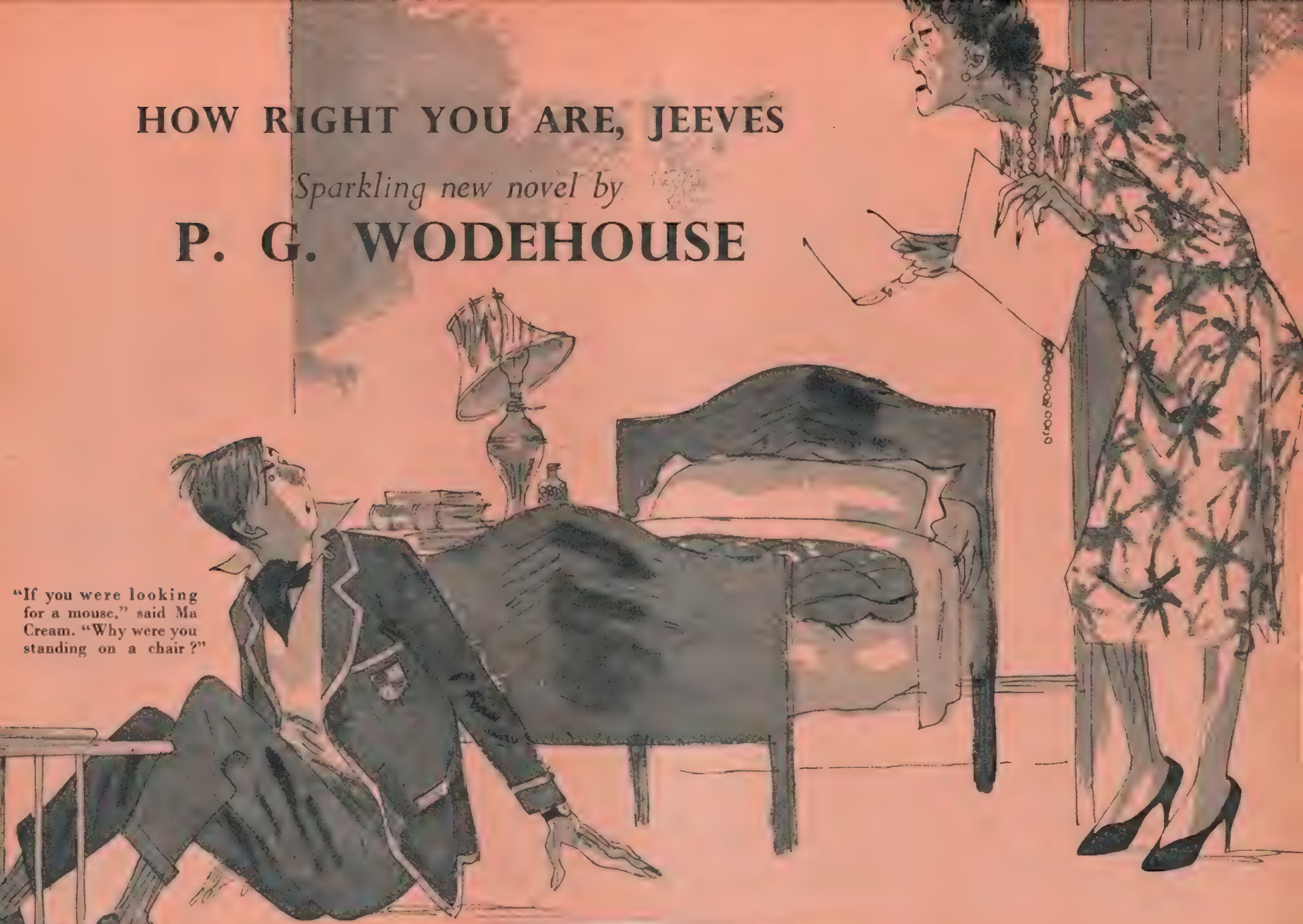
This week's contest in Moscow may provide the answer. It may also decide who will dictate the future course of the sport in Britain—the officials or the athletes.

THE END

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, JEEVES

Sparkling new novel by

P. G. WODEHOUSE



"If you were looking for a mouse," said Ma Cream. "Why were you standing on a chair?"

Blundering around Wilbert's room looking for vital clues was dangerous and foolhardy. Perhaps that's why everybody said . . .

"Let Wooster do it"

My aunt, Dahlia Portarlington-Travers, started the ball rolling. She assembled the cast at Brankley Court and then popped off to see her son, Bonzo — leaving the dramatis personae to fight it out. . . .

Really, my man Jeeves was to blame, because if he had not been away on holiday, shrimping at Herne Bay, I wouldn't have accepted the aunt's invitation—particularly as I knew that my old prep. school head, the Rev. Aubrey Upjohn, was staying there.

Young Roberta Wickham, a spirited girl who always showers Bertie Wooster with trouble, was another house guest. I, by the way, am Bertie Wooster.

And trouble began, right enough, before I even got to Brankley—I saw in *The Times* an announcement of my engagement to Roberta. Naturally, on my arrival I raised this matter with the girl. She explained that she was all set to hitch herself up with my old school chum "Kipper" Herring—but first she had to soften up her mother. If the ancestor thought that she, Bobbie, was marrying Bertie Wooster, the news that she was really marrying Kipper would come as rare and refreshing fruit.

My mission at Brankley, incidentally, was to keep an eye on Upjohn's stepdaughter, Phyllis Mills, and the American playboy, Wilbert Cream. I was to step in and break things up whenever he appeared to be winding up for a proposal.

I had to do this tactfully, Aunt Dahlia told me, because Wilbert's father had a big deal cooking with Uncle Tom Portarlington-Travers and it was of the essence not to offend the Cream clan. She, for her part, had brought the celebrated looney specialist, Sir Roderick Glossop, to Brankley; he was acting the part of the butler, Swordfish, in order to keep Wilbert under observation. My aunt hoped to be able to present Upjohn with evidence of Wilbert's unfitness as a husband for Phyllis. Upjohn, incidentally, shot off up to London shortly after my arrival.

I should mention the last of the dramatis personae: Wilbert's mother, Mrs. Homer Cream, a hawkfaced woman, who writes whodunits.

I viewed her with indulgence until she began asking questions about Swordfish, the butler (who, it is vital to remember, was Sir Roderick Glossop in a tailcoat). She asked how long he had been at Brankley, and so on. . . .

"That man has a criminal face," she told Bobbie and me darkly. "In my *Blackness At Night* the butler turned out to be one of a gang of crooks, planted in the house to make it easy for them to break in. I strongly suspect that is why this Swordfish is here."

PART TWO

I RAN a handkerchief across my upper slopes, which had become considerably bedewed. I didn't like this line of talk at all. Let the Cream get firmly in her nut the idea that Sir Roderick Glossop, alias Swordfish, wasn't the butler, the whole butler, and nothing but the butler, and disaster loomed.

"What on earth makes you think that?" I asked.

"He betrays his amateurishness in a hundred ways. This very morning I found him having a long conversation with Wilbert. A

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

continued from previous page

butler would not do that. He would feel it was a liberty."

"Swordfish looks all right to me."

"You are not a student of criminology, as I am. That butler is up to something fishy," the Cream said tartly. "And I should have thought it was pretty obvious what that something was. You seem to have forgotten that Mr. Travers has one of the finest collections of old silver in England."

This was correct. Owing possibly to some flaw in his mental make-up, Uncle Tom has been collecting old silver since I was so high.

"Your aunt was showing it to my son the other day," la Cream went on, "and he was thrilled. Wilbert collects old silver himself."

WITH each hour that passed I was finding it more and more difficult to get a toe-hold on the character of W. Cream. I had always supposed that playboys didn't give a hoot for anything except blondes and cold bottles.

"He says there are any number of things in Mr. Travers's collection that he would give his back teeth for. There was an eighteenth-century cow-creamer he particularly coveted. So keep your eye on that butler. I'm certainly going to keep mine. Well," said the Cream, rising, "I must be getting back to my work. I always like to rough out a new chapter before turning in at night."

She legged it, and for a moment silence reigned. Then Bobbie said "Phew!", and I agreed with her.

I forget how the subject arose, but I remember Jeeves once saying that sleep knits up the ravelled sleeve of care. Apple sauce, in my opinion. It seldom pans out that way with me, and it didn't now. I had retired to rest taking a dim view of the current situation at Brankley Court and, opening my eyes to a new day, as the expression is, I found myself taking an even dimmer.

I had little appetite for lunch, though Aunt Dahlia's chef Anatole had extended himself to the utmost. I winced every time the Cream shot a sharp, suspicious look at Pop Glossop as he messed about at the sideboard, and the long, loving looks Wilbert Cream kept directing at Phyllis Mills chilled me to the marrow. At the conclusion of the meal he would, I presumed, invite the girl to accompany him again to that leafy glade where I had found him reading poetry to her before, and it was idle to suppose that there would not be pique on his part, or even chagrin, when I came along too.

Fortunately, as we rose from the table, Phyllis said she was going to her room to finish typing Daddy's speech, and my mind was eased for the nonce. Even a New York playboy, accustomed from his earliest years to pursue blondes like a bloodhound, would hardly follow her there and press his suit.

Alone, I fell into a light doze until I was aroused by Bobbie, who told me I was wanted on the telephone. I hastened to the instrument, and Aunt Dahlia's voice came thundering over.

"Bertie? Why the devil have you been such a time, you louse?"

"Sorry. Are you coming back?"

"Not for a day or two."

"It is imperative that you return with all speed. Things are hotting up. The Cream is suspicious."

"What of?"

"She thinks Glossop isn't a real butler."

"Let her think. There's nothing she can do about it. She doesn't worry me. It's Wilbert and Phyllis I've got on my mind. Did young Bobbie Wickham tell you to stick to them closer than——"

"She did, and it's precisely that that I want to thresh out with you. Did it ever occur to you to put yourself in Wilbert Cream's place and ask yourself how he was going to feel? He resents my constant presence."

"Has he said so?"

"No. But he gives me nasty looks."

"That's all right. He can't intimidate me."

I saw that she was missing the gist.

"The point is, dear old ancestor, you must at once engage a substitute for Bertram."

"Are you suggesting that I hire a private detective?"

" 'Eye' is the more usual term. No, not that, but you must invite Kipper Herring down here. Kipper is the man you want. Bobbie Wickham's lightest word is law to him, and if she tells him to dog Wilbert Cream's footsteps, he will spring to the task."

"Do you think he would come?"

"He was saying to me only the day before yesterday that his dearest wish was to be invited."

"Then send him a wire. And don't worry about Adela Cream. Her suspicions don't mean a thing."

She rang off, and I was about to draft the communication, when Sir Roderick Glossop oozed up. "Good afternoon, Mr. Wooster. I had been hoping for a word with you in private. But perhaps Miss Wickham has already explained the circumstances?"

I said yes, she had told me all.

"Ah, then that clears the air. There is no danger of you incautiously revealing my identity. She impressed it upon you that Mrs. Cream must have no inkling of why I am here?"

"Oh, rather. If she knew you were observing her son with a view to finding out if he was foggy between the ears, there would be umbrage on her part, or even dudgeon."

"Exactly."

"And how's it coming along?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"The observing. Have you spotted any dippiness in the subject?"

"If by that expression you mean have I formed any definite views on Wilbert Cream's sanity, the answer is—as yet—no. On the one hand, we have his record, which certainly seems to indicate some deep-seated neurosis, if not actual schizophrenia, but against this must be set the fact that he gives no sign of this in his conversation. I was having quite a long talk with him yesterday morning, and found him most intelligent. He is interested in old silver, and spoke with a great deal of enthusiasm of an eighteenth-century cow-creamer in your uncle's collection."

"He didn't say he *was* an eighteenth-century cow-creamer?"

"Certainly not. But I fear that I am forgetting my duties, Mr. Wooster. This letter arrived for you in the afternoon post."

I glanced at the envelope and found it was from Jeeves. One glance at its contents and I was Gosh-ing sharply, causing Pop Glossop to regard me with a concerned eye.

"No bad news, I trust, Mr. Wooster?"

"It depends what you call bad news. This is from Jeeves, my man, now shrimping at Herne Bay, and it contains full information as to where our friend Wilbert Cream has buried the body."

"I beg your pardon?"

I SAW that I had been too abstruse, if that's the word. "I'll begin at the beginning," I said. "When Jeeves was leaving for his annual vacation, he mentioned having heard something about Wilbert and having forgotten it. If it came back to him, he said, he would communicate with me as soon as possible.

"Well, he says Wilbert Cream is a . . . what's the word?" I referred to the letter. "A kleptomaniac," I said. "Which means, if the term is not familiar to you, a chap who flits hither and thither pinching everything that isn't nailed down."

"Good gracious!"

"Exactly. You might even go so far as 'Lor lumme!'. According to Jeeves, and Jeeves knows everything, Wilbert would long since have been cracking rocks in Sing-Sing or some similar establishment, had it not been for family influence."

"I never suspected this."

"Nor me. Does any thought occur to you?"

"It most certainly does. I am thinking of your uncle's collection of old silver. We must go to the collection room immediately. There may be something missing."

"Everything except the room, I expect."

To get to the collection room was with us . . . well, not the work of an instant, perhaps, for Sir Roderick Glossop was built for stability rather than speed, but we fetched up there in due course, and my first emotion on giving it the once-over was one of relief. And then I noticed that the cow-creamer was not among those present.

This cow-creamer, in case you are interested, was shaped, of all silly things, like a cow with an arching tail. Its back opened on a hinge and the tip of the tail touched the spine, thus giving something to hold when pouring.

I was about to apprise Pop Glossop of this object's disappearance and canvass his views, when we were joined by Bobbie Wickham. She was now dressed for her journey home.

"Hallo, souls," she said. "How goes it? You look a bit hot and bothered."

I made no attempt to break the news about the cow-creamer gently.

"But this is terrible," Glossop said.

"Might be considerably better, I agree."

"Your uncle will be most upset."

"On the other hand, you'll be able now to give it as your considered opinion that Wilbert is as loony as a coot."

A pause ensued during which Pop Glossop appeared to be weighing this, possibly thinking back to coots he had met in the course of his professional career and trying to estimate their

Denise McCann, a single-minded woman who is wedded to her work

WHEN the Standard Motor Company recently launched its revolutionary new Herald car, the honour of driving the first model off the production line went to the chairman of the College of Aeronautical and Automobile Engineering. As the car came back from its test run and the driver stepped out, executives crowded eagerly round to hear the expert verdict.

"Well, boys," said the expert cheerfully, "you're on to something with this one. Put me down for a hundred for our motoring school."

Although neither dealers nor motoring correspondents had yet had a chance to try the car, officials of the company rubbed their hands jubilantly. "That," said one of them later, "was the one opinion that really mattered in the popular market. Thank heavens she was on our side."

The person who was on his side was Denise McCann, a plump, red-headed, twinkling-eyed spinster, who at forty-six is the Queen Bee of British motoring—and one of the country's most successful business women.

As well as being chairman of the College of Aeronautical and Automobile Engineering, she is boss of the British School of Motoring, director of a big West End car firm, a council member of the Institute of Advanced Motorists, and a frequent delegate at transport conferences where, as an individual, she shares equal status with such authoritative bodies as the A.A. and the R.A.C.

She is one of an increasing number of women who are reaching the top

Petticoat tycoon

by HUGH MARSTON

With cheek, charm and feminine ideas, Denise McCann stormed to the top in a world ruled by men

executive level in business. This is a recent phenomenon. Six years ago there were only twenty women members of the Institute of Directors. Today there are 650. Most of them work in retail firms, where managements are conscious that about seventy per cent of the goods they sell are bought by women.

£7,500 a year

Denise McCann came to her present work comparatively late. Fourteen years ago, at the age of thirty-two, she was a clerk in a solicitor's office, earning £8 per week. Today she has 1,500 employees, a hundred branches, a turnover of a million pounds a year, and a salary reputed to be £7,500 a year.

Her efforts have brought her a luxurious house in Hampstead, a cottage on the coast, a yacht, a chauffeur-driven limousine, Paris clothes, and the company of the most distinguished people in the land.

How she has achieved all this is a subject that intrigues but does not surprise her friends. "Denise's secret," one of them says, "is that she can conceive big plans, like a man, and yet use a woman's wiles to carry them through. With such a combination she was bound to get to the top in a man's world."

Denise McCann's rise to the summit began when she brought a woman's eye to bear on the problem of shop design. After leaving the solicitor's office in 1945 she planned to return to her pre-war occupation of interior decorator, but was unable to find premises. She set up as a freelance consultant and went the rounds of old clients.

One of them was Stanley Roberts, then head of the British School of Motoring, who asked her to tour the firm's branches and suggest improvements. Her suggestions, which embraced more than shop design, soon brought her to the attention of the board.

"What she told them, with typical feminine cheek, was that they weren't running the business properly," says a man who was a branch manager at the time. "While she was touring she'd worn everybody out asking questions—about tuition, staff, maintenance, accounts, the lot—and the answers didn't satisfy her."

Her main criticism was that the company had no overall policy and seemed content merely to wait for the public to come to its fifty-odd branches for driving tuition. In her travels she had spotted an increasing number of cars on the road, and foresaw an even bigger increase.

She suggested radical changes: an advertising campaign that would identify the company with these new motorists; an aggressive policy of expansion that would double the number of branches in ten years; and splitting up the country into areas under area managers to cope with the expansion.

"At first," says one of her executives, "the directors were more amused than anything else. But when they saw how efficiently she coped with her own job, of supervising the reconstruction of blitzed premises, they began to take a lot more notice."

By 1950 the job occupied so much of her time that she gave up other freelance engagements. The following year she was invited to join the board. She at once began implementing the policy she had outlined.

"It didn't exactly happen overnight," says Robert Meadows, her branch administrator, "but all of a sudden people became conscious of driving tuition. You couldn't travel for more than a couple of miles without seeing one of our cars. She designed the L-plate herself. She designed all the advertising. She was suddenly on all kinds of committees. People began to get the idea that we were a sort of national institution."

When the chairman died in 1957, Denise McCann had made such a formidable impact that she was voted into full control—as chairman and managing director. She had joined the company just eight years before.

The energy that fuelled her swift rise to the top has not deserted her. At the Chelsea headquarters, which she designed and built herself, the staff is still slightly stunned by the sheer volume of work she gets through.

Once after a late-night conference Meadows drove himself home and was about to start a belated meal when the phone rang. It was Miss McCann, just home herself, with new ideas she had thought up on the way. Later, as Meadows climbed wearily into bed, the phone went again. The chairman had had fresh thoughts on the subject.

"That phone didn't stop ringing till half-past two," Meadows recalls, "and next morning I was limp as a rag. When I got in the office, Miss McCann was already there, fresh and relaxed and with pages of notes about our discussion of the previous night."

However late she goes to bed, she is always up by 7 a.m., and manages to put in an hour's work at home before arriving at her executive suite—where fresh flowers await her every morning. She insists on an atmosphere of sprightly femininity, keeps a gay shopping bag on a chair in full view of callers, and often works all day in a frivolous scrap of millinery.

"All the little touches of affection and devotion that a woman normally gives to her husband and family, Denise gives to her company," says a woman who knows her well. "She is really wedded to it."

Lavish presents

Often, on the spur of the moment, she gives her staff lavish presents. Driving back with senior executives from a City lunch before Christmas one year, she suddenly decided to go shopping, and told the chauffeur to drive to Harrods. There, flanked by her entourage, she toured the departments. Each executive got the gift he most wanted. All other members of the staff—nearly fifteen hundred of them—got a bottle of wine and a gift parcel.

Although she works her top men hard and seems to regard their time as her own, she is served with slavish adoration. "There's something about her," says Henry Griffiths, her chief engineer, a fervent admirer whom she elevated to the board of her car sales firm. "She's got a way of asking for help instead of telling you to do something. It's impossible to resist and everyone makes a special effort."

Her employees find themselves continually making this effort. Not long ago she humbly asked her records chief if it would be too much trouble to get from the branches a week-by-week progress chart on all pupils. Although groaning at the amount of work that he knew was involved, he replied that it wouldn't be the least little bit of trouble.

The result of this humble request now covers an entire wall of a large office: a laboriously maintained and incredibly detailed filing system that keeps tabs not only on pupils' progress but also on every working minute of her instructors' time.

She is intensely proud of her workers and once publicly claimed that their methods of instruction could reduce the accident rate in any transport undertaking. One regional Gas Board took her up on it. Denise McCann assembled a group of picked men, gave them a pep talk and sent them to work. The result: the Gas Board's accident rate went down from one in 25,000 miles to one in 102,000 miles.

Ruthless, charming

What most successful business women seem to share is a mixture of hard-headed ruthlessness and warm-hearted charm. In Denise McCann's case the mixture has built her company into the largest of its kind in the world, with an intake of three thousand new pupils a week.

Away from the office she shows similar feminine perspicuity, dining influential guests at her home and taking over from the cook to tend personally some special dish. She cooks and sews well and can manage the whole house herself if necessary.

Although marriage has passed her by, she has no regrets. "Every minute of my time is taken up with things I love doing," she says. "I enjoy the good things of life and I can afford them." Her home is beautifully furnished (décor designed by herself), and her clothes and jewellery are of the best.

She has no shortage of male escorts when she wants to go out—and she goes out frequently—to dinner, to the theatre and exhibitions.

Holidays are her only problem. Although she travels a good deal, both at home and abroad, she carries so much of the top direction of the company in her own hands that she is unable to stay away long. "A few days at my cottage on the east coast, sailing and gardening—that's the nearest I've been to a holiday for years," she says.

While having no desire herself to be married, she has a good eye for a man, and more than one of her pupils has ended up marrying the instructor. One pupil, a married woman, has had three hundred lessons so far. She passed her test long ago, but likes the instructor's company while her husband plays golf.

To a friend who asked recently why she didn't employ women instructors, Denise McCann gave a piquant reply. "Men don't like taking orders from women," she said, and a moment later corrected herself—"from some women, that is."

THE END

---

dippiness as compared with that of W. Cream.

"Unquestionably his metabolism is unduly susceptible to stresses resulting from the interaction of external excitations," he said.

Bobbie patted him on the shoulder in a maternal sort of way. "That's how I like to hear you talk," she said. "You must tell Mrs. Travers that when she gets back."

"But the situation is still an extremely delicate one. You concur, Mr. Wooster?"

"Like billy-o."

"Placed as he is, your uncle can hardly go to the young man and demand the cow-creamer. Mrs. Travers impressed it upon me with all the emphasis at her disposal that the greatest care must be exercised to prevent Mr. and Mrs. Cream taking——"

"Umbrage?"

"I was about to say offence."

"Just as good probably. Not much in it either way."

"And they would certainly take offence, were their son to be accused of theft. So really I cannot see what is to be done. I am baffled."

"So am I."

"I'm not," said Bobbie.

I quivered like a startled fawn. She had spoken with a cheery ring in her voice that told an experienced ear like mine that she was about to start something.

Pop Glossop, having only a sketchy acquaintance with this female of the species and so not knowing that from childhood up her motto had been "Anything goes," was all tell-me-more.

"You have thought of some course of action that it will be feasible for us to pursue, Miss Wickham?"

"Certainly. It sticks out like a sore thumb. Do you agree that if you snitch things when you're staying at a country house, the only place you can park them in is your room?"

He looked at her with what I have heard Jeeves call a wild surmise. "Can you be . . . is it possible that you are suggesting——?"

"That somebody nips into Wilbert's room and hunts around? That's right. And it's obvious who the people's choice is. You get the assignment, Bertie."

Well, I wasn't surprised. As I say, I had seen it coming. I don't know why it is, but whenever there is dirty work to be undertaken at the crossroads, the slogan of my little circle is always "Let Wooster do it." It never fails. . . .

I reached Wilbert's door and paused outside doing a bit of screwing the courage to the sticking point, as I have heard Jeeves call it.

Except for the tapping of a typewriter in a room along the corridor, showing that Ma Cream was hard at her self-appointed task of curdling the blood of the reading public, all was still. I turned the handle softly, pushed—also softly—and, carrying on into the interior, found myself confronted by a girl in housemaid's costume who leaped several inches in the direction of the ceiling.

"Coo!" she said, having returned to

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DAIRY MILK
CHOCOLATE
DAIRY MILK
CHOCOLATE
Cadburys
Roses
There's more
to enjoy
in Cadburys Roses

How right you are, Jeeves

continued from page 15

terra firma. "You gave me a start, sir!"

"Frightfully sorry, my dear old housemaid," I responded cordially. "As a matter of fact, you gave *me* a start, making two starts in all. I'm looking for Mr. Cream."

"I'm looking for a mouse."

"You feel there are mice in these parts?"

"I saw one this morning, when I was doing the room. So I brought Augustus," she said, and indicated a large black cat who until then had escaped my notice. I recognized him as an old crony.

I said: "You're new here, aren't you?"

She conceded this.

"I thought as much, or you would be aware that Augustus is a broken reed to lean on in the matter of catching mice. Except when eating, he does nothing but sleep. If you cast an eye on him, you will see that he's asleep now."

"Coo! So he is."

"If you will be ruled by me, you will abandon the whole project and take him back to the kitchen. You're simply wasting your time here."

My eloquence was not without its effect. She said "Coo" again, picked up the cat, made a last laughable attempt to interest him in a mouse-hole, and went out, leaving me to carry on.

My first move was to take a chair and prop it against the armoire, and I had climbed on this and was preparing to subject the top to a close scrutiny, when Bobbie Wickham, entering on noiseless feet and speaking from about eighteen inches behind me, said: "How are you getting on?"

Really, one sometimes despairs of the modern girl. You would have thought that this Wickham would have learned at her mother's knee that the last thing a fellow in a highly nervous condition wants, when he is searching someone's room, is a disembodied voice in his immediate rear asking him how he is getting on. I came down like a sack of coals.

When Reason returned to its throne, I found that Bobbie, no doubt feeling after that resounding crash that she was better elsewhere, had left me and that my right leg was entangled in the chair. I had just contrived to de-chair myself when another voice spoke.

"For Pete's sake!" it said, and, looking up, I found that it was not, as I had for a moment supposed, the Brankley Court ghost, but la Cream.

"Mr. Wooster!" she yipped.

Well, there is nothing much you can say in reply to "Mr. Wooster!" except "Oh, hallo," so I said it. "You are doubtless surprised," I was continuing, when she hogged the conversation again, asking me (a) what I was doing in her son's room, and (b) what in the name of goodness I thought I was up to.

It is frequently said of Bertram Wooster that he is a man who can think on his feet, and if the necessity arises he can also use his loaf when virtually horizontal. I said with a candour that became me well: "I was looking for a mouse."

"A mouse?" she said. "What do you mean?"

Well, of course, if she didn't know what a mouse was, there was evidently a good deal of tedious spadework before us, and one would scarcely have known where to start. It was a relief when her next words showed that that "What do you mean?" had not been a query but more in the nature of a sort of heart-cry.

"What makes you think there is a mouse in this room?"

"The evidence points that way."

"Have you seen it?"

"Actually, no."

"What made you come and look for it?"

"Oh, I thought I would."

"But if you were looking for a mouse why were you standing on a chair?"

"Just trying to get a bird's-eye view."

"Do you often go looking for mice in other people's rooms?"

"I wouldn't say often. Just when the spirit moves me, don't you know."

"I see. Well. . . ."

When people say "Well" to you like that, it usually means that they think you are outstaying your welcome and that the time has come to call it a day. I got the message.

The thing I wanted most at this juncture was to have a heart-to-heart talk with young Bobbie, and after roaming hither and thither for a while I found her in a deck-chair on the lawn. She greeted me with a bright smile, and said: "Back already? Did you find it?"

"No," I said, "I did not find it."

"You can't have looked properly."

"I hadn't time to look properly. I was impeded in my movements by half-witted females sneaking up behind me and asking how I was getting on."

A giggle escaped her. "Bertie! Your manner is strange. Has something gone amiss?"

"Your manner would be strange if you had been sitting on the floor of Wilbert Cream's sleeping apartment with a chair round your neck, and Ma Cream had come in."

"Golly! Did she?"

"In person."

"Are you going to have another bash?"

"No."

"Is this the daredevil spirit of the Woosters?"

"As of even date, yes."

"I do think you might try again. Don't spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar. I'll help you this time."

"Ha!"

"No, but listen, Bertie. Nothing can possibly go wrong if we work together. You go in and start searching, and I'll stand outside the door."

"You feel that will be a lot of help?"

"Of course it will. If I see her coming, I'll sing. When you hear me burst into song, you'll know there's peril afoot and you'll have plenty of time to nip out of the window."

"And break my ruddy neck?"

"How can you break your neck? There's a balcony outside Wilbert's room."

I began to see that there was something in this plan she was mooting, if mooting is the word I want. And what tipped the scale was the thought of Uncle Tom. His love for the cow-creamer might be misguided, but you couldn't get away from the fact that he was deeply attached to the beastly thing.

And so it came about that some five minutes later I stood once more outside Wilbert's room with Bobbie beside me. Just to make sure that Wilbert hadn't returned, I knocked on the door. Nothing stirred.

The dear old room was just as I had left it, nothing changed, and my first move, of course, was to procure another

continued on page 31

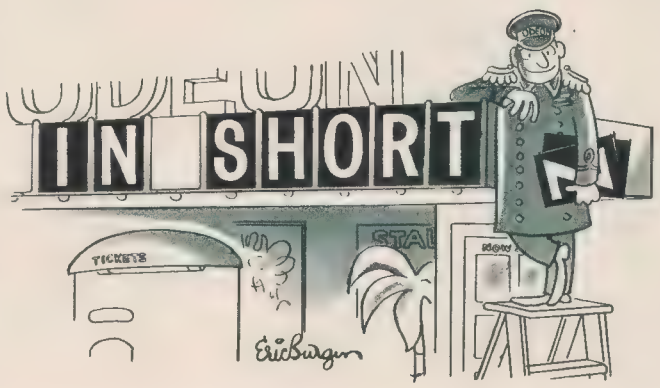
Dogs do it,
Frogs do it,
Sticks and floating logs do it.

Eels do it,
Seals do it,
Ice cream tubs and peels do it.

Rats do it,
Sprats do it,
Truant trilby hats do it. . . .

Then why do people pant and puff,
and look so very grim,
And struggle, spit and choke and fight, when
first they learn to swim?

AILSA FRANKLIN



In Other Words, 'Op It

1. I regret to say, sir, that her ladyship is not at home.

2. If you persist in obstructing me in the execution of my duty, sir, I shall be obliged to take you into custody.

3. My government has instructed me to inform you, Excellency, that you are no longer *persona grata.*

4. And so the board has decided with keen regret, Mr. Prendergast, that it ought not to stand in the way of the undoubted opportunities for advancement that must present themselves to a man of your talent and ability in the wider sphere of commerce.

5. Excuse me, sir. Might I trouble you for your invitation card?

PATRICK GOLDRING

Summing Up

The defendant, members of the jury, is accused of spying on behalf of a foreign power. His defence is that he did not realize that the people on whose behalf he was operating were foreign.

When he was asked whether the bearded Colonel Lopov he had to meet behind the third tree from the left in Kensington Gardens was a typical British officer, he replied that he had read several newspaper articles about the extent to which the army had changed.

To the objection that the British Army would not need outside assistance in learning what the navy was doing in the way of atomic torpedoes, he answered darkly that there was a good deal of inter-Service rivalry.

The British agent, Major X, who, you may remember, gave his evidence masked, told us that he watched the picnic on Primrose Hill during which the defendant handed over photographs of the new submarine missiles, and that the menu was caviare, vodka and tea from a samovar. On the other hand, the defendant says that his hosts, Serge, Mishka and Anton, had provided fishpaste, gin and tea from a very old tea-urn that had once belonged to Mishka's granny, who was a district nurse in Huddersfield.

Evidence was given on the distance at which, with the glasses issued to. . . .

R. G. G. PRICE

And Now A Word From . . .

"Well, Julie, what does it feel like to be Miss Electronic Brain?"

"I have to pose in a bikini, not like when I was at the art school."

"Mm, yes. And are some of the girls at the works jealous of you?"

"Well, they're a bit critical of me in the packing department because my knots always come undone."

"You're going to switch on the largest electronic brain in the world, aren't you?"

"Well, actually Mr. Trueham is going to switch it on. I'm going to have a sort of model of a switch. When I switch my switch on Mr. Trueham will switch his. I'm going to be dressed as Britannia, at least as far as the helmet goes. I'm in fishnets lower down."

"Have you won a title before?"

"Oh, yes! I've been Miss Beach-Girl 1959 and Miss Goodwill to Belgian Tourists and Miss Future and Miss Diphenyloxide and——"

"Have you got a message to the girls of Britain?"

"No. Mr Trueham never gave me one of those. I'm almost sure he didn't."

HOWARD BROOKES

Survival Of The Fattest

I am not in the swim with the women who slim;
Their salad-day maladies bore me.
I am solid and stout, and I never pass out
On the boots of the brutes who adore me.
I prefer to feel great on a seven-course date
With a gent who has plenty of money;
To bulge if I must, as I relish the crust
And the cake and the steak and the honey.
Never once in a while do I wistfully smile
At the sight of a tight little suit
On a figure so neat it must constantly eat
Less and less of the cress and the fruit.
For the Mode and the Line are no business of mine;
I splash so much cash on my rations
I've nothing to spare to buy something to wear,
So I don't need a figure for fashions.

HAZEL TOWNSON

From only sixty feet away and by the light of the bomb flash, a high-speed camera, sheathed in lead, recorded these startling photographs of what happens to a house in an atomic explosion. The house was built for a test at Yucca Flat, Nevada, nearly a mile from the blast point. First it caught fire in the heat of the flash. Then, ripped by the explosion's fury, it fell in ruins

THE SECRET DECISION · 2

by MICHAEL AMRINE

Furiously, work went on to perfect the most terrifying weapon the world had known. Then, on the eve of triumph, came an agonizing dilemma . . .

'MUST WE

BEFORE breakfast on June 13, 1945, Harry S. Truman, the new President of the United States, wrote a chatty letter to his mother and sister.

"Dear Mama and Mary: It is just two months last night since I took the oath of office—and what a two months! I don't dare think of facing the next two months, let alone two years. I have to take things as they come and make every decision on the basis of the facts as I have them and then go on from there; then forget that one and take the next. . . ."

Three days later, Mr. Truman wrote to Mama and Mary again:

"Monday I entertain Eisenhower, a real man. Tuesday I go to Olympia, Washington—Saturday a week from today San Francisco. Sunday back here; Monday, June 25, appear in the Senate. Home for a few days, and on July 3 the Governors' Conference at Mackinac, Michigan. Then I get ready to go to Berlin. How would you like to be the President des Etats Unis? It's a hell of a life . . . love to you both. . . ."

In this programme of commitments, "San Francisco" was then the home of the United Nations; "Berlin" was a reference to the coming Big Three Conference in Potsdam, a suburb of the German capital, and June 18 was the day of a meeting of special significance. The policy-makers of the U.S.A., preoccupied with ending the war with Japan, were to be startled by the potential of the atomic bomb.

The development of the bomb had been a fantastic story of secrecy and intrigue. Some 100,000 people in the United States were directly or indirectly at work on it; two billion dollars had been spent.

The secret had been so well kept, however, that not even the Vice-President, Harry Truman, knew about it until the evening he was sworn in as President. General Eisenhower did not know; nor did General MacArthur —nor the 509th Composite Group, which was chosen to drop the bomb. They sailed for the lonely Pacific island of Tinian, knowing only that their Superforts were adapted for carrying a special device which they called "The Gimmick." A working model of The Gimmick was promised them by August 6.

While the factories hurried to finish the first bomb, the scientists who invented it were worried by second thoughts. By June 11 they handed to Henry L. Stimson, the Secretary of War, the historic Franck Report—named after one of their number, James Franck—which recommended a demonstration of the bomb to persuade the Japanese into surrender. Furthermore, the report, which was quite unofficial, warned the American Government against using such a terrifying weapon without warning.

On June 16 Stimson received another report, this time from the Interim Committee, which had been formed to consider atom bomb policy. The committee voted against a demonstration, and for military use of the bomb.

Despite all the secrecy, news that the Americans were at work not only on the bomb but also on an improved version—the plutonium bomb—passed into Russian hands. Communist spies were at work, and no doubt their information was causing excited speculation in Moscow.

But when Truman called his Joint Chiefs of Staff to the White House on June 18, it was obvious that they hadn't seriously included the bomb in their calculations and were fully prepared to continue the Japanese war on conventional lines.

Why didn't the weapon figure more in strategic thinking?

The man in the know

Unless the military planners were quite close to the "Manhattan Project," as it was code-named, they were given reason to think that it was only a spectacular improvement in bombs.

After the meeting, the Secretary for War was asked to suggest America's future policy towards Japan. Stimson, a former Secretary of State, had first-hand knowledge of Asia. As far as the atomic bomb was concerned, he had lived with it for years; he had been among the select few "in the know."

The Secretary and his assistant, John J. McCloy, set to work. Stimson reasoned that the approach to a surrender had to be made after a great show of strength to Japan—but before America sent any invading force to Japanese soil. He concluded that the Japanese will to fight would grow stronger if Japan were invaded.

Stimson's arguments—which were of course the subject of much staff study in the Pentagon—started with this idea, also pointing out that a landing operation would be "a very long, costly and arduous struggle on our part."

His basic conclusion on the merit of a political approach was that it would be "well worth while our giving them a warning of what is to come and a definite opportunity to capitulate."

Stimson felt that the timing of this warning message to Japan was most important. He also urged that it must carry a double message: a promise of destruction if rejected, and a promise

SCIENTISTS IN DOUBT: Only fifteen per cent of the men who made the bomb wanted it used as military efficiency dictated. Among those who doubted were James Franck (left) and Dr. Arthur Compton

POLITICIANS IN DOUBT: President Truman consulted his Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, in order to decide how to use the new bomb. Stimson favoured giving the Japanese a chance to surrender

USE THE BOMB?'

of hope if she surrendered. He thought everything depended upon the potency of the warning.

Stimson has since said that work toward this surrender policy was begun, not at all to avoid use of the bomb but because of a desire to avoid invasion. Intelligence estimates talked of a half million, a million, or more lives to be lost in such an amphibious operation.

Meanwhile, on June 20, as Stimson in Washington worked on his memorandum, the Japanese Emperor in Tokyo called the six members of his Supreme War Direction Council and told them that it was necessary to have a plan to end the war at once, as well as a plan to defend the home islands.

The War Council, militant and defiant, said that they saw no reason to spend energy upon surrender plans.

With no word from the Japanese indicating a softening of their attitude, the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff met again in Washington on June 29, and approved general plans for the invasion of the Japanese island, Kyushu. The plan was called Operation Olympic and was scheduled for November 29. In the following spring, in March, there would be an invasion of the island of Honshu; that plan was called Operation Coronet.

Also in late June, the inner circle in Washington was bothered by a newspaper story which originated in London. Commander Herbert Agar, an aide to the American Ambassador, was quoted as saying that the Germans would have succeeded in splitting the atom, without controlling it, by August 6—the precise date for delivering The Gimmick to the 509th.

Censors asked editors not to expand the story, and it passed almost unnoticed.

British leaders, if not the British press, knew all about the bomb, of course. The British had been on the inside of atomic secrecy at the outset of the project—five years before.

Churchill is roused

Churchill was now quite disturbed because America was withholding atomic secrets from England. Keeping a watchful eye upon allies, as well as upon the enemy, was his second nature.

At the beginning, the British and Americans had been full partners. It had been decided that the American side of the Atlantic would be the safest place to build the production plants. Moreover, it was agreed that, although Americans would do the major part of the engineering and the atomic production centres would be in the States, scientific talent and all useful information would be in a common pool. It had also been agreed that neither nation would use a bomb without consent of the other.

As the war went on, Churchill's temper had flared up more than once over whether the British were being consulted in policy matters and getting their share of facts.

When Churchill was ill in February, 1943, after the Casablanca Conference, doctors described him as the world's worst patient. He was "restive, cantankerous and constantly calling for the forbidden cigars." At the time of this illness Churchill had time to do a lot of thinking about the atomic bomb.

Warning from Britain

At Casablanca he had expressed his concern to Harry Hopkins, then personal adviser of President Roosevelt, and Hopkins had promised to look into the subject of atomic secrecy.

On February 16 of that year Churchill irritably cabled Hopkins: "I should be very grateful for some news about this, as at present the American War Department is asking us to keep them informed of our experiments while refusing altogether any information about theirs."

From his sick-bed Churchill dashed off more cables, one of them a complete chronology of all Anglo-American dealings on the subject. Churchill said: "Urgent decisions about our programme depend on the extent to which full collaboration between us is restored. . . ." He added that this was so serious, Britain might have to go it alone.

The main American view of this was that the project had passed from the research phase to the actual design and manufacture of a weapon. To a great extent, then, the operating control was all the farther from the hands of civilian scientists—traditionally believers in free information and international exchange—and securely in the hands of military men.

At this juncture Vannevar Bush, the key figure in American military research, wrote to Hopkins that information would be supplied to British scientists on the usual military need-to-know basis. He said: "There is nothing new or unusual in such a policy." The need-to-know rule says that a person, even when fully cleared for secrets, is not given secrets wholesale. He must establish that the information he seeks is needed by him.

It was not easy then (nor is it now) to attack the need-to-know rule. But scientists say it is something like telling a prospector: "We will give you a shovel when you know precisely where you wish to dig." A scientist often has to dig a little here and there, until a sixth sense tells him he has hit a likely spot. Some scientists, both British and American, worked throughout the war without feeling a need-to-know about the atomic bomb; therefore they were never told.

This interpretation of the policy—by Bush and others—considerably reduced Britain's scope as a partner in the atomic enterprise. It gave her limited military information and more general scientific knowledge, but expressly prevented her from receiving data of "application to non-war and postwar matters," to use Bush's words.

This policy remained the subject of much friction between the Allies and was not settled by the end of the war—or for years afterward. The policy was an outgrowth of plain physical fact: the laboratories and production plants were in America, and so were the sources of the new knowledge, instruments and scientific brains. To most of the people working on the project this was an American enterprise.

Thus it was that the various committees considering the use of the bomb hardly gave a moment's consideration to the British position in the matter; much less did they think, as Franck and his colleagues had suggested, that the United Nations might be consulted.

There was an Anglo-American committee, the Combined Policy Committee, which supervised atomic affairs but it was not an avenue for consultation or decision on grand strategy. The British technical adviser to the group had merely reported to his government on April 23 that "it was as certain as such things can be" that a weapon would be ready by late summer.

A few days later another member of the Policy Committee, Field-Marshal Wilson, informed London that "the Americans propose to drop a bomb some time in August." This would be a curious use of words by one member of a full and complete partnership, in reporting on something which was technically a joint action. But it conforms with how Americans later viewed "their bomb."

The lack of consultation between partners does not seem so strange if one concludes that, to a great extent, military use of the bomb was a foregone conclusion. Churchill held the view that the bomb was being built to be used, and he approved it. More than that, he had done what would have been unheard of in America—he had informed the Deputy Prime Minister Clement Attlee.

The British were more concerned with the postwar uses of atomic power. But in Canada, notably at a first-class research centre at Chalk River, scientific information was coming into British hands. And the entire atomic enterprise was almost completely dependent upon Canadian uranium. Unless, as seemed unlikely, America discovered unexpected sources of uranium ore after the war, she would, sooner or later, have to negotiate.

At his right hand throughout the conflict, Churchill always had a first-class physicist, Lord Cherwell, who interpreted for him the "war of the laboratories," the latest advances of which could improve offence or defence. Furthermore, Churchill knew that many top-flight British scientists were engaged in collaborative research with the Americans at atomic centres in Chicago, Tennessee and New Mexico. Churchill had no reason to doubt that these men would have a complete understanding of the project.

Among those who had come from Britain to U.S. atomic laboratories were James Chadwick, John Cockcroft, William Penney and Marcus L. E. Oliphant. There were many more; some to become famous, some to remain unknown—and some to become infamous.

Russians get secrets

Klaus Fuchs, a naturalized British citizen, was counted as British. At this time he was working in America with a famous physicist, Hans Bethe; they were discussing the theoretical problems of hydrogen-fusion. Another young British scientist who worked on the atomic project was Alan Nunn May. In April of 1944, he had delivered a sample of uranium to his superiors in the Russian spy apparatus.

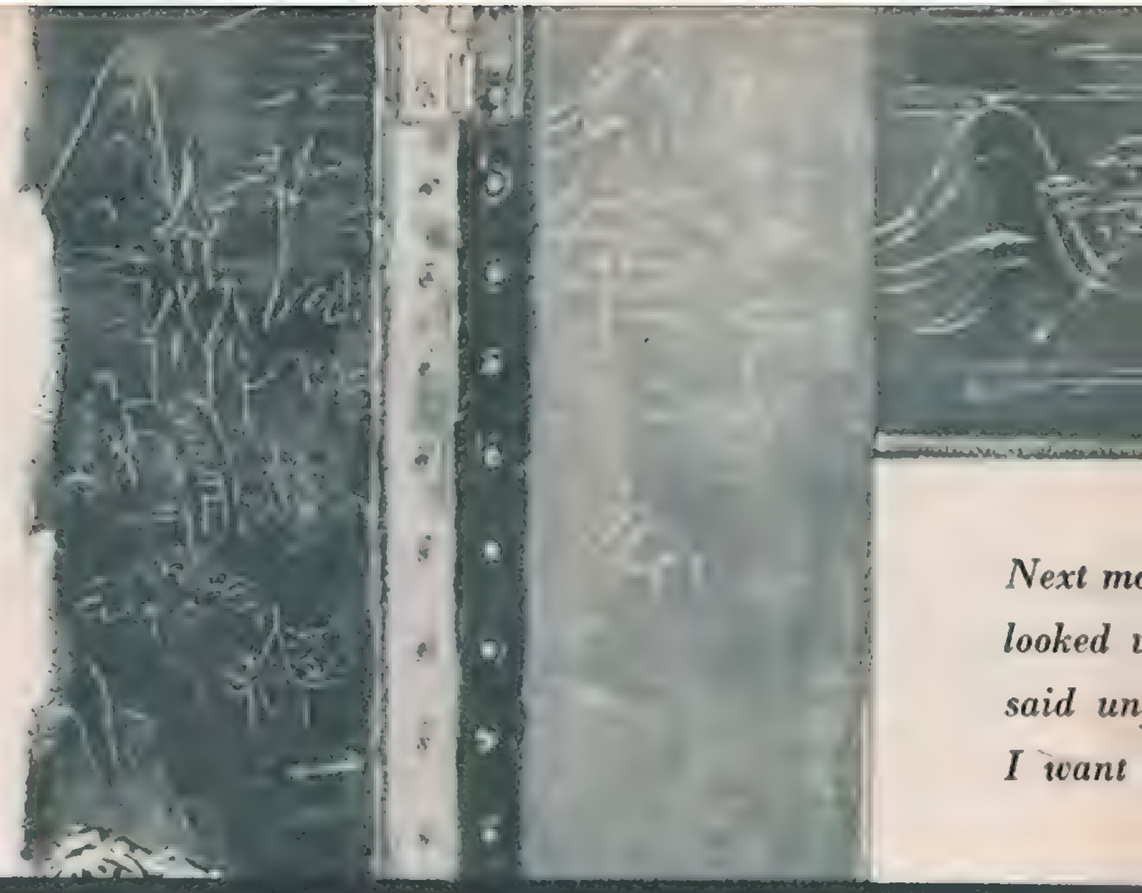
This was part of the background for the approaching conference of the Big Three, in which each of the three victorious allies could not escape some feeling that the other two were getting information not openly discussed among the three. These suspicions, we can see, were correct; all three were deceived in some degree.

However, as far as military secrets were concerned, it was the British who complained to the Americans. The Russians did not complain.

Churchill has written: "British 'consent to the use of the weapon' was given on July 4." As he solemnly puts it: "The final decision now lay in the main with President Truman, who had the weapon; but I never doubted what it would be. . . . The historic fact remains, and must be judged in the after-time, that the decision whether or not to use the

continued on page 34

She was queen of the Garden
of Fortunate Chance, and men who
dared covet her died.
Yet Jensen was taking a gamble on
the highest stake of all



CRESCENT OF DEATH

by JOHN SALT

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIVER BRABBINS

JENSEN first met Ali Raafat on a wild September night in the Bay des Gonaives. Ali was drowning at the time—quietly, as he did most things. He was clinging with a blind tenacity to the splintered deck beam which was all that remained of the auxiliary schooner Island Queen after the hurricane had torn out her masts on the homeward run to San Juan.

The Arab engineman Ali Raafat was the only man of the schooner's crew to cheat death, and death would have had him yet but for sharp eyes aboard the freighter Emmeline. And Jensen had his work cut out to bring the ship's boat around in a wide circle without swamping her and to scoop the drowning man aboard.

Ali Raafat lay in the bottom of the boat between the feet of the oarsmen with the whites of his eyes turned up and a greenish tinge to his face. To the boat's crew it seemed that they had risked their lives in vain, but the Arab was resilient and within ten minutes he was sitting wrapped in blankets and telling the story of his shipwreck.

It chanced that the Emmeline was short of a stoker on that stormy trip to Trinidad. Ali Raafat signed aboard as a crew member, and the long partnership between himself and Jensen began.

IT was an unlikely partnership. Here was Ole Jensen, the wild, tow-haired Viking, standing six feet seven inches tall with arm muscles corded like wire rope and a voice like a siren blast, a fearless fighter and an accomplished seaman. And there was Ali Raafat, a slim, dark-burned Arab from the Trucial Oman with tiny feet and jet black, oiled hair worn very long.

But there it was, and from then on wherever the Emmeline sailed you would find Bos'n Jensen lording it over his fo'c'sle gang and Ali Raafat in some menial capacity, donkeyman or greaser, working in patient silence.

Jensen in drink was a violent man who spared not tongue nor fist for the sake of friendship. Often after one of his frenzies somebody would say curiously to Ali: "Why do you put up with it, Gyppo?" And Ali Raafat would stare the man down, then say very simply and quietly: "I owe him a life."

But if Jensen sometimes bullied Ali there were few others who cared to try. For when trouble loomed a certain red light would begin to flicker at the back of the Arab's eyes and his hands would go at once to his waist, the fingers playing and tapping lightly upon the broad red leather belt that he wore. And that, quite rightly, the crew would take to be a danger sign.

THIS belt of Ali's was a beautiful thing and sometimes he would take it off and lay it upon the fo'c'sle table for his shipmates to examine but never to touch. Indeed he kept his own hands upon it the whole time, one upon the buckle and one upon the tip, drawing the belt out upon the scarred table.

The buckle was a brass lion's head in chiselled relief with Arabic characters inscribed around the mane. The red leather thong, in thickness nearly a quarter of an inch, was tooled with scroll-work in gold with tight stitches of gut along each outer edge. The belt never left him; he slept with it about him and his shipmates came to believe that it had some hidden pocket containing money or something of value.

For all his occasional violence Jensen was not a moody man. He was by nature gregarious and jovial; the big, the expansive gesture appealed to him, and his manner towards Raafat was almost paternal.

Ali shared few of Jensen's tastes. He did not drink and he would not gamble. For women he reserved his most chilling stare. But for all that Jensen would have him sit in at all his pleasures and remain always within call. And in return Ali did his best to keep the bos'n out of trouble, took care of his money and brought him back thick-headed in time for the sailing tide.

But of all Jensen's shoregoing distractions gambling was king and Port of Spain was the place for it.

In Port of Spain Jensen wasted no time in the rum shops or the street markets; he made his way, with Ali Raafat attendant, down narrow streets where the air breathed sharp-sweet with the scent of vatted rum and salt-soaked cordage backed by the sound of the sea, to where, in cool, shuttered houses, the Chinese sat and sipped their rice wine, murmuring politely to each other upon the turns of fate in their endless games of chance.

And in particular Jensen went to the house of Li Chieng-Wei, which was named, with a not-unconscious irony, the Garden of Fortunate Chance. There was no garden there and very little chance either—unless you played poker at least as well as Ole Jensen. Luck was rare.

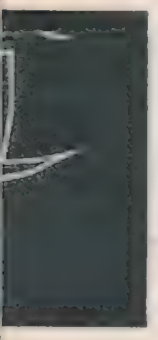
Li Chieng-Wei arose with a rustle of silk robes from the table at which he had been seated with three other Chinese, and gave his place to Jensen. The bos'n grinned at him wickedly, slapped his wallet down upon the table and called for a fresh deck of cards.

Ali Raafat sat down quietly on a chair with his back to the wall and resumed his contemplation, interrupted by successive voyages, of Rare Jade, who stood, as usual, motionless, her hands folded in her sleeves.

RARE JADE was beautiful, with an ageless, unfading beauty that gave no clue to her years. She was full-breasted for a Chinese woman, and her slender body stirred many, to little purpose, for Li Chieng-Wei kept a strict lien upon all his servants.

That Ali was not an impatient man was fortunate since he could reasonably expect to remain at Li's for the rest of the day if not the night. The prospect

ing Jensen
from his chips and
asantly: "Now
see money"



did not disturb him; in a sense he was relieved for he knew that Jensen at a card table was Jensen out of trouble.

To the casual observer, Jensen, holding a hand of cards with the stump of an unlighted cigar rammed into the left-hand corner of his mouth and a fine mist of perspiration beading his inflamed forehead, might seem an uncouth simpleton, a gull for the plucking. Many had thought so to their cost, for Jensen was a born gambler with a cold, meticulous brain and an iron nerve when it came to bluffing it high.

He played to win, that went without saying, but also he would play at nothing at which he could not win, and nobody cheated Ole Jensen twice. He knew his limitations though and had once enunciated them with a sly chuckle to Ali Raafat. "All sailormen are fools," he had said. "And Ole Jensen, he's a fool too, but not at cards. So he sticks to what he knows and lets the rest go by. This roulette wheel now, she can be fixed and Ole Jensen not know. Or the horse he backs can be so full of dope he loses his shirt. But poker, she's the queen."

ALI RAAFAT knew that Li Chieng-Wei would rig no crooked table at which Jensen sat. Indeed he had no need to, for the bos'n rarely encountered any blinding streak of luck in the Garden of Fortunate Chance.

So the Arab sat on while the hours passed. At moments he might appear to doze, but most of the time there was a slit of sight beneath his eyelids and his gaze was always for Rare Jade. At midday a meal was brought in on small china plates and each man took it at his place. Rare Jade moved then. She came back into the room a few moments later bearing a bottle of rum which she placed with a glass by Jensen's side.

The bos'n drank steadily through the afternoon with no visible effect. The three Chinese did no drinking, and Ali Raafat continued to doze and to watch Rare Jade. At six Li Chieng-Wei, who had been busy about his affairs in another part of the house, returned to the gaming room and opened the shutters. Then he walked out on to the balcony and seated himself on a wooden bench to watch the game.

A girl came in and turned on more light. Ali sat up blinking his eyes and glanced towards the table. There was tension in the room and the Arab knew from long experience that Jensen had the measure of the game and was feeling his luck. On such occasions the bos'n did not plunge but steadily ante'd up the stakes until those who had no stomach for the fight would drop out.

But not tonight. Jensen suddenly scraped his chair back and stood up, reaching his coat off the back of the chair and shrugging himself into it. Li Chieng-Wei came in smiling politely. "You are owed money, it seems."

Jensen drank the last of his rum and buttoned his jacket. "Let it lie," he said briefly. "I'll be back."

Li bowed slightly: "Your trust does me too much honour," he said.

"I'll say it does," Jensen replied cryptically. "I said I'll be back."

The two men walked back to the ship in silence; it was early for Jensen to return aboard, but Ali, unsure of the bos'n's mood, was content to allow him to begin the talking.

Jensen stopped by a street lamp and applied a match to his cigar stub. "You

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Crescent of death

continued from previous page

watched the china doll pretty close," he accused.

Ali said nothing.

"Did you spot those jade bangles she was wearing in her ears?"

"One could hardly miss them," Ali replied cautiously.

"Worth a lot of money," Jensen said musingly. "Li clothes his people well. She earns it though."

Ali Raafat raised an eyebrow.

The bos'n nodded. "She's the examining committee of one," he explained. "Who don't get past Rare Jade don't get to play in Li's back parlour."

"Such a woman could raise great interest in men," Ali said with the note of caution again in his voice.

Jensen gave an explosive laugh. "And then some. I've known two men who took a fancy to Rare Jade. Both ended up with steel between their shoulders—Chinese steel. You'd better be careful."

"I watch only."

"So do I," Jensen said surprisingly. "Yeah I know, my back was turned and all that. All right so I've got eyes in the back of my head, but if that yellow idol wasn't trying to pass signals I miss my guess."

"She passed no signals, that is why I watched," Ali said simply.

"That's what I meant about eyes in the back of my head, your eyes," Jensen told him and roared again with sudden laughter. He was as suddenly quite serious again. "Surprised I left the school so early?"

The Arab shrugged.

"All right, I'll tell you why," he

GOSSIP—1

What passes out of one mouth passes into a hundred ears.

Ernest Bramah

tapped his broad chest with his open right hand. "I can take the house, I feel it here. I've got the measure of those longfaces and I'm warming to it so good that I don't think a few hours' gap will spoil my luck. And Li runs his games straight, at least when I'm around. But first off I got to have a stake, a big one, that's why I'm going back to the ship. I'm going to collect every red cent that's owing to me and then I'm going back to Li's and I'm going to take the house like I said."

"Li Chieng-Wei would have a limit on the stakes," said Ali Raafat.

Jensen pulled thoughtfully at his long underlip. "Li's a gambler," he said at last. "Got it in his blood like me. He'll see me and raise me while he has breath. Tonight Jensen sleeps because maybe tomorrow and the night after he'll be getting none."

JENSEN collected his money and went to Li's next day. Ali returned with him and remained with him for the two nights which followed.

The bos'n began cautiously, but it was plain before very long that the luck was still with him. Towards the end of the afternoon he began to force his play and the chips were mounting before him. Rare Jade brought him rum as before but he did not touch it. Li Chieng-Wei came in at six and remained throughout the night.

At times Li glanced across to where Ali sat and once he smiled thinly.

At three in the morning the luck turned against Jensen but he showed no sign of impatience or fear as his winnings dwindled and vanished almost away. At dawn fortune returned to him, and by full day he was well ahead and winning steadily. At eight o'clock Li drew the shutters against the sun and a girl brought in a tray of coffee. Jensen looked once, a thought wistfully, at the rum bottle then pushed it away.

At ten o'clock one grey-faced Chinese rose without a word and tottered from the room. Silently Li moved in and took his place and the game went on. Rare Jade's cheeks seemed a little hollow now but her expression was serene and her eyes still disinterested.

Ali got up and went to the table. He looked down at Jensen's hand, disregarding Li's warning hiss. The pictures were there and the right numbers and he decided to go out for a while. He walked down to the harbour and stood for a long time watching the black water slap-slap against the piles of the jetty. In his mind he kept hearing Jensen's exultant *I'll take the house*, and he knew that the bos'n would and wondered how much good it would do him and for how long.

When the sun stood on the meridian he walked back to the house and settled himself again in his chair with the padded spine of his tunic shirt clinging damply to his skin. At two o'clock the game stopped for a spell by mutual consent. Li and his companions sipped from shallow bowls of clear soup in which rice balls floated, and Ali joined them. Jensen tried his appetite upon more solid food but quickly pushed the plate from him. His face was drawn and old-looking now and his khaki shirt was blackened with sweat. A second later he was snoring.

THE room awoke an hour later and Jensen took out a pencil and began figuring on the back of an envelope. "Ten thousand," he said.

Li dredged up his ivory smile. "I can bear it," he said. "But please to remember that fortune is capricious."

"Luck's a lady I know well," Jensen said briefly. "Shall we pick it up?"

Ali glanced at the other players; their losses did not seem to be worrying them and he supposed that Li was their financier. The game went on now without a break until nearly midnight and by then Ole Jensen was a very wealthy man.

Ali Raafat came in from the balcony where he had gone to stretch his cramped limbs. He touched Jensen lightly on the shoulder. "Time to go?"

Jensen shook off the hand and looked up. "I said the house, didn't I? The house it is. Now sit down."

He rested his head on one hand and glared belligerently at Li Chieng-Wei. "You heard me, I'm taking the house."

"It will take a good man," Li replied.

"Will you see me?"

"I will raise you, while you last."

Jensen lasted. All through the night and on into the morning. By then he was playing at a hundred dollars a raise, and he was still winning. At nine o'clock he gulped coffee and said: "Now I want to see money."

Li's face was a compound of yellow and green, and lines of fatigue grooved deep in his cheeks on each side of his nose; an unexpected blond stubble blurred his lower jaw but his dignity was still immense, his composure quite unshaken. Rare Jade had slept that night curled up on a mat, as oblivious of her surroundings as a cat in the sun. Li signed to her now and handed her a tablet upon which he had written down a sum. She took it from him and went out without a word. The game went on until midday.

Jensen's movements were slow and mechanical by now, the game was between himself and Li and both men were dead for sleep. But too much lay at stake now for either to nod at his post. Rare Jade came in with a flat leather case. She snapped the catches open and began to count the money inside. It seemed that she would never stop, Ali had never seen so much.

Jensen sat forward, his eyes glistening. "The house," he croaked.

Li hesitated a moment then spoke firmly. "The limit is on."

Jensen's eyes narrowed. "Have I cleaned you out?" he demanded.

"I should be foolish to tell you, sailorman. The limit has been reached, that is all you need to know. The game

continued on page 36

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME by Roger Smithells

In the sunny sitting-room Moira told me about the problems of equipping a country cottage on a shoestring. Furniture from the family's suburban house looks surprisingly at home in its new setting. Twenty-five year old scarlet curtains, bleached by Mrs. Hoddell with Brobat and redyed in a glowing daffodil yellow, look good for another twenty-five years' wear. A coat of red tile paint gives the cement floor a cheerful, dust-free surface

Private enterprise

They searched for years but in the end the Hoddells found a cottage which made their dream a reality

WHEN Moira Hoddell walked into my office seven years ago I took her for another art student in search of a cosy job. I was editing a travel magazine at the time and much visited by artists hoping to be sent abroad to make drawings for my paper. Moira Hoddell did not expect to be sent abroad, but she did sit down on the spot and make a beautiful little drawing for a page due at the printers that night.

Moira is like that. She gets things done. And for preference she does them herself with determination, boundless enthusiasm and a minimum of fuss. These are exactly the qualities you need if you set out to convert a derelict gamekeeper's cottage into an enchanting home. You need patience, too, and the right sort of impatience when it comes to red tape, tiresome quibbles and dilatory house agents.

For years Moira and her mother lived in an ordinary house in an ordinary London suburb and for years they dreamed of a cottage under the Sussex Downs where Mrs. Hoddell's family had deep roots. Because of Moira's high-pressure work for newspapers and magazines the cottage had to be within easy travelling distance of London. And it had to be cheap. Knowing friends shook their heads. There were no more bargain cottages left in Sussex, they said, and certainly none near a railway station with a decent service.

On the grapevine

Moira and her mother registered with estate agents, watched advertisements, followed up likely clues. Over the years they saw hundreds of properties and if they had depended solely on agents and advertisements they might be searching still. But they also tuned in to the country grapevine.

Occasionally they would knock on the door of a likely cottage in the hope that the owners had that day decided to move to South Africa or Southend. They chatted to farmers, publicans, postmistresses, village policemen. And

Two windows have been enlarged and some faulty brickwork remedied, otherwise the entrance front of the cottage is very much the same today as it was when Moira Hoddell and her mother found it, empty and neglected, behind a twelve-foot hedge at the foot of the South Downs. Only a glimpse of the top of the stout chimney betrayed its presence

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

I found Moira supervising the fixing of an old lamp post she had bought from the local council for 30s. to light up her garage entrance. Owen the bricklayer holds the ladder for his son Gordon the carpenter while Mr. Thomas, the foreman, discusses final plumbing details with Charlie the plumber. All these men are craftsmen of the old school, truly devoted to their work

Moira's bedroom needed only a coat of white paint on walls and ceiling. Solid, slightly bogus Tudor furniture looks happier here than it did in the old suburban home. For both bedrooms Moira picked up graceful Victorian chairs for 5s. each and gave them new padded seats. Bright flowered chintz bedspread and curtains make a happy foil to white walls and dark oak beams

one day the hunting Hoddells picked up the trail.

Drifting down a familiar lane at the end of another day of fruitless search they spotted, for the first time, a chimney top above a tall hedge. Behind the hedge stood an empty cottage. For a moment they gazed in silence, then both started talking wildly. It was sold, of course, they told each other . . . couldn't possibly be on the market . . . was probably riddled with dry rot . . . condemned, no doubt, and about to be demolished. . . . But they didn't believe it. They knew their search was over.

A cottager directed them to the local land agent. The agent said yes, the gamekeeper had left last week and the cottage might be sold, but the old place was in a terrible state. He took them to look at it.

The cottage was four hundred years old and the inside was a shambles. There were two rooms downstairs and two up, an attic and a back part used as a scullery and game store. There was no electricity, gas, modern drainage or main water. Although a bath stood proudly in the scullery the only tap was at the sink, fed by water hand-pumped from a roadside spring. But the building was dry and sound and Moira's creative eye could already see, beneath the squalor, the shape of the friendly home which you see in its finished state in my pictures.

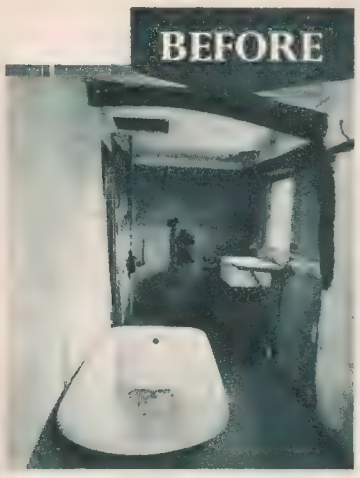
So a reasonable price was offered and agreed and after the usual procession of surveyors, solicitors, and local officials, the Hoddells found themselves possessed of the gamekeeper's cottage.

A grant and its drawbacks

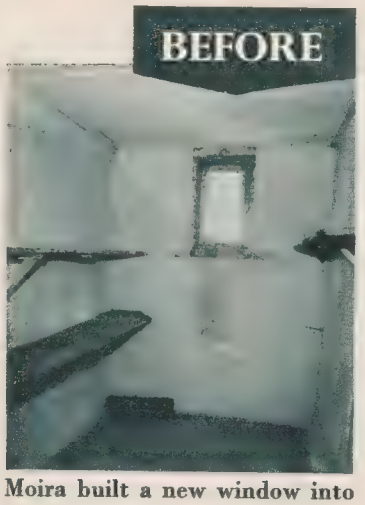
There is a government scheme whereby local authorities can make a grant of up to £400 towards the cost of improving a sub-standard dwelling. Since the amenities of her cottage were notably sub-standard, and £400 would have been a welcome addition to the improvement fund, Moira was eager to take advantage of the scheme. But the local authorities, who control the grants, also control the conditions under which they are advanced and stipulated certain compulsory alterations—ceiling heights, dangerous staircases, larger windows and so forth. Their estimate for improvement was far greater than the Hoddells wished to spend—so they decided to skip the grant and modernize in their own way, retaining the winding staircase which reduced the cost to half.

The Hoddells were lucky in finding nearby a small family firm of builders —C. Beard & Son of South Chailey. Mr. Robert Thomas, the firm's foreman, confessed to me that when he

continued on page 26



The scullery, with its ancient copper, hand pump and waterless bath (above) became the gay and cosy kitchen shown on the right. Water still comes from a roadside spring, but an automatic electric pump now does the hard work. Gordon, the young carpenter, made the smart dresser in the foreground



Moira built a new window into the old game store (above) and turned it into a charming bathroom (right). Clear glass splashbacks behind bath and basin protect the pretty, sprigged wallpaper. Mrs. Hoddell flush carpeted the concrete floor with staircarpeting from the old house re-dyed with red Dylon

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ILFORD COLOUR

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

first saw the cottage he thought Moira and her mother crazy to have bought it. But Moira's enthusiasm is infectious and she soon had Mr. Thomas and his team—Owen the bricklayer, his carpenter son Gordon and Charlie the plumber — throwing themselves willingly into her schemes. These men are craftsmen in the old tradition. Listening to Owen I learned more fascinating facts about the history of bricks and tiles than I have gleaned from the reading of many books.

So the team laid on modern plumbing and electricity, dug septic tanks, built a new fireplace with a grand new chimney, repaired damaged walls, turned the game store into an up-to-date bathroom and the scullery into a fine country kitchen. Mrs. Hoddell bleached, redyed and remade the family curtains and chair covers. Moira laid linoleum, painted walls and floors, searched junk shops for railwaymen's lanterns and second-hand chairs at bargain prices. Everything was done on a shoestring and the result is enchanting because of the love, imagination and practical common sense which went into the job.

A paddock surrounds the cottage. The Hoddells have been too busy this year to turn it into a garden but the day I called the cottage was gay with bowls of cow parsley, buttercups, weeds gathered from the hedgerow and arranged with as much care and effect as a costly florist's bouquet. I think it is this happy knack of seeing the beauty of simple things which enabled Moira and her mother to ignore the gloomy warnings of well-meaning friends and turn their dream cottage into a reality.

I admired the fine new chimney (above) which Owen has built for the new dining-room fireplace, using old, mellow bricks to match the style of the old chimney. Under the steep roof, is the attic which Moira has turned into her workroom (left). Through the new skylight she can gaze across to the neighbouring downs. Moira laid a floor covering of Chinese rush matting costing 1s. 5d. a square foot. The chair on the right was a bargain at £1 from a junk shop

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THE WILDEST GAME · 5 by PETER RYHINER
and Daniel P. Mannix

Animal hunter Peter Ryhiner and his second wife Vikki (left) with the fabulous white python that Ryhiner did not believe existed

We catch the rarest snake in the world

To the natives the white python was a god; to me it was a fantastic myth. Then Subrati's message came: it had been trapped—alive

FOR the first time in our lives, my lovely Eurasian wife Mercia and I had no money troubles. Our profits on two shipments of baby elephants, tigers, bears, leopards, monkeys and other animals to America had left us fairly affluent.

So early in 1954 we took a luxury liner to Europe—first class—and settled back to relax. The second day at sea we got a cable from Mr. Zeehandelaar, head of the animal-dealing department of the firm which had bought the shipments: "Urgent. Get fourteen elephants. All females. Two five feet six inches at shoulder. Rest not more than four feet at shoulder. Must arrive at southern port U.S.A. on or before May 1."

Even Mercia, who could take practically anything in her stride, was staggered. The elephants in the previous shipment had a height limit of five feet, and keeping them alive had been trouble enough. Four-foot ones would be tiny infants, completely unweaned.

But Zeehandelaar wasn't crazy. He was a business man supplying a demand. American zoos and circuses wanted baby elephants because they are so cute, and spring was the ideal time to sell them; the circuses were starting out on the road then and people began crowding into zoos, eager to see some new, appealing attraction. Young male elephants are too aggressive, so females had to be used.

Mercia worked out that if we turned our holiday into another animal-catching trip we would clear a profit of twenty thousand dollars in three months on the elephants alone.

We flew to Assam and, having an order for two young rhinos, set about catching them—by now a routine job. We got the pair, but matters became increasingly strained between Mercia and myself. Although she wanted the money that animal collecting brought in, she was sick of the difficulties and uncertainties of the life. In America, she had seen how comfortably women can live and she desperately wanted a home of her own. At last, after many stormy scenes, Mercia sailed for Europe with the rhinos while I stayed on to get the elephants.

As far as animal collecting was concerned, things had been going fairly smoothly, but now my luck turned. The worst floods on record hit Assam. The rivers were impassable, the jungles under three feet of water, and trapping impossible. I had two months left in which to get the elephants. And there was no escape clause in my contract.

The floods hadn't reached Mysore, so I flew there. In the animal market I happened to see my old and dear friend Shaik Subrati, who had shared many animal-catching trips with me in the past, but who had left me to marry a young Indian girl.

Too ambitious

When the excitement of our reunion had subsided, Subrati told me that his wife had run away. "That is sad," I said, "but you must remember that I warned you not to marry such a young girl. Now she has left you."

"True, sahib, just as your wife has left you."

Although Mercia and I had never mentioned a divorce, I knew that she was too ambitious to spend the rest of her life tied to a man who thought of little besides animals. "Subrati, there is truth in what you say," I admitted. "Now let us forget about women and go into the jungles after animals."

For the second time in a year, I unloaded in Savannah, Georgia, and Zeehandelaar flew down from New York to meet the ship. He had a contract with Barnum and Baileys for six of the young elephants, but Zeehandelaar took all fourteen to the circus' winter quarters in Sarasota, Florida. He paraded the whole lot into the circus grounds, all marching in a line holding each other's tails with their trunks. They looked so cute that John Ringling North bought ten. The other four Zeehandelaar quickly sold to various tourist attractions in Florida.

It had been the biggest shipment of elephants of that size or age in history, and both Zeehandelaar and I were well pleased with the result.

I got a telegram from Zeehandelaar asking for twenty more elephants, all under four feet.

The night that I made my decision not to accept Zeehandelaar's offer, Mercia told me that she wanted a divorce. As always she was perfectly frank. "Peter, I'm sick of the animal business and you can't think of anything else. Even suppose I stayed in America while you went collecting, I'd only see you for a few weeks out of the year."

"You could go with me," I suggested.

"And spend the rest of my life being insulted by petty native officials and live in jungles full of snakes and mosquitoes?"

We decided to part but Mercia agreed to postpone the divorce for a few months.

Meanwhile, I was quite determined to show her that I wasn't as incompetent as she thought. Zeehandelaar wanted twenty elephants; he'd get them.

I flew back to India and found Subrati ready for me. He was jumping with excitement.

"Sahib, I have made a great discovery, the greatest in the history of animal collecting. In East Pakistan near a little village called Kulna there is a white python with blue eyes. The villagers worship it as a god, but I have gathered together a few men who will, for a great sum, capture the snake and bring it here."

"Naturally these men wish to be paid in advance," I said sarcastically.

"Oh, naturally, sahib."

"Have you seen this snake?"

Subrati hesitated before replying. "Well, no, sahib."

"Have you talked to anyone who has actually seen it?"

Subrati hesitated again. "No, but

BE A BETTER DRIVER

by GEORGE EYLES, *Chief Examiner of the Institute of Advanced Motorists*

Make your tyres last four times longer

SOMETIMES a car passes me containing a husband, wife and two or three children. All of them have smiling faces; they are eagerly anticipating a day in the country or at the seaside. But then, when I look down at the tyres and see that they are bald—perhaps one or two with the braking strip or canvas showing—I feel I'd like to stop the driver and confiscate his car.

Drivers who venture out with badly-worn tyres are risking not only the lives of their passengers, but also of other innocent road users. Always remember that the control of a motor car largely depends on the tyres. Brakes stop the wheels, but tyres stop the car.

Variations in tread mean variations in stopping distances and the behaviour of the car. Worn-out tyres may stop a car quite efficiently on a good, dry, firm braking surface, but if the road is wet or greasy, or if the surface is loose, almost anything can happen.

Under-inflation is a major enemy of long tyre life. Experts have said that to under-inflate by only two pounds means extra wear resulting in a twenty per cent loss of durability.

Most modern braking systems equalize the pressure on all wheels, but this safety factor is largely wasted if you allow uneven tyre wear. One common form of abuse to be seen almost daily is bumping a front wheel up over the kerb.

Recently I saw an almost new tyre which had been ruined by doing just this.

A scientist in the laboratories of a large tyre manufacturing firm has told me that one "scalded cat" start which spins the rear wheels, or braking fiercely at thirty miles an hour in such a way that the wheels are locked, costs one month of normal tyre wear.

The scientist also advised me that a good driver can get as much as four times the mileage out of a set of tyres as a bad driver—a tip well worth remembering.

Here are sure ways to increase the lives of your tyres, if you carry them out regularly:

1. Test the pressures with an accurate tyre pressure gauge and correct any deficiency.
2. Remove nails or other sharp objects embedded in the tread.
3. Renew defective valve cores and replace dust caps.
4. Wipe off grease or oil with a rag dipped sparingly in petrol.
5. Change the wheels round every few thousand miles.

The Institute of Advanced Motorists is a non-profit-making organization, its object being to improve the standard of driving and the promotion of road safety. Its address is 21 Harrington Road, London, S.W.7.

The wildest game

continued from previous page

the existence of the snake is well known."

"As a local legend?"

"Exactly, sahib."

I put one hand on his shoulder. "Subrati, I never heard of a white python and if there were such a creature, it would be an albino and its eyes would be red. India is full of such tales. Once I would have set out with you for this village of Kulna but now I am a practical man. My fingers have been burned too often to put them near the fire again. We have an order for twenty elephants. Let us set to work."

With the help of Subrati I caught the elephants and got them to Calcutta. There was one tiny lady only three feet four inches high at the shoulder and very furry. She even had bangs like a little girl. I named her Josephine. Josephine was the smartest, cutest, most playful little elephant I'd ever seen. I decided to keep her for myself and perhaps build her up to be a big TV and movie star. It would be wonderful publicity for me, too. Mercia had always thought I didn't have a talent for that sort of thing but I was going to show her.

I returned to America with twenty-one elephants, counting Josephine, and turned twenty of them over to Zeehandelaar. I also disposed of some bears and other animals I had captured for a good profit. Then I went to New York with Josephine riding behind my car in a specially built trailer.

I'd done a lot of flying to India, mostly by Swissair, and Hugo Meyer, the American manager of Swissair, helped me put Josephine across. A big reception was arranged for us at Rockefeller Centre and Jayne Mansfield, the beautiful and talented actress, was to meet Josephine.

Reception a flop

The reception wasn't a success. Josephine was usually dog-tame but she hated perfume and Miss Mansfield was wearing it. Josephine instantly knocked Miss Mansfield up against the wall. Miss Mansfield was very nice about it, but as far as advertising Josephine as "the kiddies' friend" (which had been my idea), the reception was a flop.

Josephine and I were asked to appear on the Garry Moore Show. I made sure that no one would have any perfume before signing the contract. This programme, I felt sure, would make Josephine a national personality, for really no one could resist her charm . . . except, possibly, Miss Mansfield.

I telegraphed Mercia to be sure to watch the programme and went to the studio with my little girl trotting along beside me with her bangs nicely brushed and a pink ribbon around her neck. Everyone at the studio loved her and the audience broke into sighs and ohs when she appeared on the stage. Josephine performed her little repertory of tricks and then I gave her a pitcher of milk which she drank with her trunk. Unfortunately, Garry Moore took this moment to laugh at her. Josephine hated people to laugh at her and she immediately lifted her trunk and squirted Mr. Moore from head to foot.

Josephine and I were asked to leave the studio and I departed very downcast, although it wasn't really Josephine's fault. No elephant, even a baby, likes to be held up to ridicule.

On the street, we ran into a long line of women waiting to see "Heartline," a very popular TV show. At that moment, a police car went by with sirens screaming. Poor little Josephine gave a terrified trumpet and started running. She went through the line of women like a miniature tank, and I never saw such a mess.

GOSSIP—2

It is only before those who are glad to hear it, and anxious to spread it, that we find it easy to speak ill of others.

J. Petit-Senn

Women were leaping over each other, crawling around on their hands and knees, and lying flat on their faces screaming for help. Josephine ran full tilt into the plate-glass window of a store. The whole window reverberated and I held my breath, waiting to see it come crashing down into the street, but it held. Then Josephine turned and dashed back into the studio with me after her.

Mr. Moore was just introducing the next guest when Josephine and I crossed the stage. He managed to save himself by a quick spring, but the guest wasn't so fortunate. I don't know who he was but he certainly took a tumble. Then I managed to collar Josephine against one of the cameras and dragged her out to a taxi, kicking and trumpeting every inch of the way.

Four women attempted to sue either me or the studio. Naturally, Josephine was represented as a gigantic tusker with homicidal tendencies. None of the women had so much as a scratch so none of them collected. Still, I was told that I couldn't keep Josephine in New York any longer. Luckily, Gus Busch of Budweiser beer wanted to buy her. "That animal has spirit," he told me. "And I like spirit." So I sold Josephine, but not without regrets. She was the nicest elephant I've ever had, but so few people understand elephants.

To top my sorrows, I received a telegram from Mercia, "You got plenty of publicity. Please, Peter, stick to animal collecting." A few weeks later, Mercia went to Switzerland, where she obtained a divorce.

Zeehandelaar called me. He wanted another twenty-five elephants. America seemed to have gone elephant-crazy. What they were doing with all the animals I couldn't imagine. I still can't, unless they were canning them.

Python rumour

I also got a letter from Subrati, written in the beautiful clear hand of a professional letter writer. Subrati had met someone who knew an old woman who had heard a rumour that somebody's grandfather was reported to have said that as a child he'd seen the white python. It was as tall as a tree, could fly through the air faster than a lightning bolt, and talked fluent Urdu. Subrati considered this conclusive proof that the snake actually existed. I loved the old boy, but sometimes he could be irritating.

I cabled Zeehandelaar that I'd get him the elephants and picked up Subrati in Madras. I immediately warned Subrati that if he so much as mentioned that legendary white python, I wouldn't be responsible for my actions. Then we set out to get the elephants.

We got the elephants but from then on complications deluged us.

New shipping rules, the usual last-minute emergencies and changes of plan, feeding problems — everything went wrong. All this made overheads on this trip so heavy that I decided to take a chance and dispense with insurance.

In the Mediterranean, we ran into a sudden cold spell. I covered the cages with everything I could find, finally using my own clothes and the blankets from my bunk, but eight of the babies came down with colds. Fortunately I had plenty of penicillin and we injected millions of units into them. In spite of everything we could do, three died. Then another slipped during a heavy sea and fell on her side, injuring herself internally. We lost her, too.

The loss of these four animals wiped out much of my profit on the trip and more besides, for the blow to my reputation was even worse. What dealers had been calling (somewhat sarcastically, I'll admit) the "Ryhiner spell" seemed to be broken. Zeehandelaar was also badly hit. He'd sold all the elephants ahead of time, guaranteeing delivery by May 1, and so lost some of his best customers who'd already launched big advertising campaigns, trusting on his assurance and my skill.

Worse was yet to follow. Barnum & Bailey's decided to abandon the "big top" and the threat of having their herd thrown on the market depressed prices. Also, the bottom fell out of the elephant market. Then I got another letter from Subrati. Through the grapevine telegraph that operates among all animal men, he had heard of my disaster.

"Do not worry, my son," he wrote through the professional letter writer. "You were never meant to deal in animals as though they were bags of meal. Let us go back to the old days when animal collecting was an adventure for both of us. Remember, there is still the white python."

I made up my mind. Cabling Subrati to meet me at Dacca, I took a plane back to India in search of the white python.

I met Subrati in Dacca. This time he had a collection of testimonials from people concerning the white python. They didn't sound very convincing.

"My grandfather's brother-in-law recalls having seen the god. The god was eating a fish at the time."

"A priest used to put out garlands of flowers and bowls of milk for the snake, but it was angry and would not accept the offerings."

And so on.

Nevertheless, I told Subrati to go ahead. He left for Kulna while I returned to south India to do some animal collecting.

Snake captured

Even since my last trip, restrictions on the exporting of animals had greatly increased. I managed to pick up a few animals, but hardly enough to justify the trip.

I got a letter from Subrati, who had engaged three shikaris to go with him after the white python. I couldn't imagine why he needed three shikaris for such a job and wrote him so. I also wanted to know what he was paying them. I had to write three times before I got an answer to that one.

I could have hired men to extract the back teeth of an infuriated man-eating tiger for less than what those shikaris were charging. Also, Subrati and his shikaris had been in the jungle for three months without seeing any sign of the snake.

I sent a message to Subrati telling him to call off the hunt and meet me in Calcutta. I went north with my cargo and when I arrived in Calcutta, I found a message waiting for me from Subrati. The white snake had been captured.

I dropped everything and went at once to the village near Kulna. Subrati had the snake all right . . . an eight-foot rock python, snow white with blue

eyes. I had never seen or heard of such a thing before. As far as I know, neither had anyone else.

I was still in a trance, refusing to believe my own eyes. I'd all but convinced myself that there couldn't be such an animal—and yet here it was.

Subrati described the hunt to me. The hunters had got to know the snake's sunbathing and swimming spots by the signs she left behind her: dung, marks in the soft sand or earth, and a shed skin.

They had stationed themselves at the different points to watch but the python was amazingly cautious—otherwise she'd never have been able to survive all these years—and knew the whole area far better than the men did. They had seen her several times but the snake had always managed to escape, for snakes can move with amazing speed.

When capturing a snake, a man should always grab the reptile just back of the head, otherwise the snake will turn and bite him. This requires considerable skill as the head is the first part of the snake to disappear in a rock crevice or among bushes. Pythons are not poisonous but an eight-foot python can still give you a nasty bite. Also, the teeth of a python curve inward so that after the python has seized its prey, the quarry cannot escape. If a python bites a man, the delicate curved teeth are almost sure to be broken off in the struggle and then the snake may develop mouth rot.

Badly bitten

Subrati had insisted that the shikaris make sure of grabbing the snake by the neck and the men were only too happy to comply.

But after getting my last message, Subrati had become desperate. He'd told the men to grab the snake anywhere they could. The next day, one of the shikaris had seen the snake lying in the water under the waterfall and managed to grab her by the tail.

Ordinarily, unless a python is very big, capturing one is no great problem for a determined man. The constricting power of these snakes is greatly exaggerated. It would take a very big constrictor indeed to kill a man, unless the snake got a few coils around the man's neck, and snakes will not do this deliberately. A big python can kill an animal the size of a goat or a small deer because animals do not have hands and so cannot unwind the python's coils or grab him by the throat. However, Subrati assured me that this white snake had been extraordinarily fierce and powerful.

The shikari had been badly bitten before his yells had brought up the other men and the snake was overpowered and put in a sack.

After hearing this story, I immediately examined the snake's mouth. Two teeth had been broken, but not at the roots, and would grow back again.

After paying off the three shikaris, I

"Next year they can take their wretched dog on holiday with them"

'My goodness, yes! There's no time like **GUINNESS** Time for real refreshment.'

In bottles, in cans or on draught,
Guinness quenches your thirst wonderfully.

G.E.3223 F

The wildest game

continued from previous page

gave a handsome donation to the village elders and left the next day with my snake in a sack. I drove to the nearest railway station and got a train for Calcutta. I shared the apartment with an Indian and having had a busy day, dozed off in my seat.

When I awoke, I found that the sack had reared itself up and the Indian was sitting paralysed with terror. I shoved the snake down to the bottom of the bag and apologized to my fellow passenger.

"It is quite all right," he said, mopping his forehead. "I knew you had something alive in that bag, but I thought it was only a dog."

Fooled the customs

I had reservations on a ship for my other animals and had intended taking the snake along with them but at the last minute I changed my mind. Calcutta is full of animal dealers who jealously watch each shipment, and I had no intention of starting any possible controversy So I made arrangements for Subrati to take the shipment of animals to the United States while I flew to Madras, intending to take a ship from there.

As I was getting on the plane, a customs officer asked me what I had in the bag. I told him that it was rubber tubing for cameras. The man felt the bag, nodded, and said: "Ah, yes, thank you, sir." I climbed on the plane with a sigh of relief. I would probably have been put off the plane if they'd known I was taking a live snake along with me.

"That's the nicest meal I've had since the last time you came"

I arrived in the United States on September 13, 1955, with Serata, as I'd named my precious captive from a Sanskrit word meaning "beauty." There was a national convention of zoo directors at Louisville, Kentucky, and I flew there immediately. Serata produced a sensation. She had grown quite tame by this time and anyone could handle her. I was offered fifteen thousand dollars for her but I refused. For the next six months I toured America with Serata, appearing on television programmes, newsreels, and giving talks on her. In that time Serata became probably the best-known snake in the world —she was already the rarest.

Then Swissair called me to New York. They were putting in a new flight to the Far East and had decided to use Serata as a symbol for this flight. A reception was arranged for Serata in Rockefeller Centre. She was exhibited on a purple cushion with gold fringes in the show window of Swissair and attracted such crowds that the police had to be called out to handle them.

The Man In The Grey Flannel Suit was being shot at Rockefeller Centre and the crowds were so great that the actors couldn't get past them to enter the building. The director finally had to ask us to take the snake out of the window, remarking: "Damn if I ever thought I'd live to see the day when Gregory Peck would be outdone by a snake."

Between lecture trips, I kept Serata at the Staten Island Zoo. Carl Kauffeld, the curator of reptiles there, is in my opinion one of the top reptile men in the world and I knew that Serata would be safe in his hands. Carl explained to me that Serata was not an albino. She was a colour freak in which the guanophores (white pigment cells) exist to the exclusion of all other pigment cells. This condition is known as "leucistic." Serata is absolutely pure white and no markings of any kind are discernible; with an albino the markings can still be seen as a faint pattern.

Serata put me back in the headlines. Once again orders began to pour in, and today I can go anywhere in the world I wish with more orders than I can possibly fill.

The future looks clear for me, but I hope never again to have to import animals wholesale. I intend to specialize in unusual species.

Perhaps some day I will open my own zoo.

THE END

© *Peter Ryhiner and Daniel P. Mannix, 1959*

"The Wildest Game," by Peter Ryhiner and Daniel P. Mannix, is now published as a book by Cassell & Co., price 21s.

Return of the man in black

continued from page 10

ordered atrocities to be committed was a criminal, beyond a shadow of doubt."

"That would, in your view, include Hitler?"

"If he gave such an order, certainly."

"But you don't believe he did?"

"I've seen no evidence myself which can prove it."

We seemed to have reached a state of impasse. I said: "How well did you know Hitler?"

"I would say only slightly. I knew Mussolini far better. They were both very agreeable men. I got on with them very well."

"Despite what happened to them and their people, do you still think Fascism can command mass support?"

"Fascism is an historic term without relevance today. The prime urge—for new forms of society and rapid action —remains. We have lost only a minute fraction of our great mass of prewar supporters. We are still in touch with them.

"Of course, they're older now, my old Blackshirts. They have children, other things on their minds. . . . But they're with me still."

"How many of them are there?"

"We've never given figures. We'll reveal nothing to the enemy. But they'll be ready when the time for action draws near."

"When will that be?"

"When the economic crisis comes. Oh, you won't have soup kitchens in the street. It'll be a gradually developing situation in which the people will see the logical reduction to absurdity of the present system.

"They will see machines piling out goods and hungry millions with no means to purchase the goods. They will see the same goods duplicated far cheaper by yellow men and black men, because skill will not be required, merely the ability to press buttons. They will see that the established system has no way to deal with this situation."

"How would you deal with it?"

"Ah, now," Mosley said, clearing his throat and leaning forward briskly, "we're talking about something of importance. My new policy. First of all, I move from the national doctrines of prewar Fascism to a completely new postwar European doctrine. I move to what I call Europe-Africa.

"I propose initially that the peoples of Europe—some three hundred million of them — come together as an integral nation. Same government, same franchise, same fiscal system.

"Next, to make Europe a completely self-contained unit, we come to the land mass of Africa. I propose that we divide Africa into two separate nations, white and black. We don't want the blacks and they don't want us. So this is how we settle the problem.

"Freely and without strings attached, we give them over a half of that vast continent. We say to them, it's yours. You don't have to fight or make rebellions to get it. We give it to you.

"Now, with Europe-Africa a self-contained bloc, we live in peace. It is an end of war because there's nothing to fight about. We are not cutting each other's throats over foreign markets, because we have created one big home market. The rest of the world can go its way and we go ours."

"Black country"

A slightly stunned pause set in. I said at length: "It's certainly a very novel idea."

"Oh, it is. Indeed. I can assure you. Revolutionary thinking of the highest order," Mosley said, flashing rapidly.

"Yes. What's wrong with it?"

"What's wrong with it? Nothing's wrong with it. What can you see wrong with it?"

"These Africans. How do you persuade them to move over to their own bit?"

"They don't have to move," Mosley said warmly. "They can stay if they want. But they'll only get the vote in their own black country, just as whites will only get it in the white country."

"They can run the country as they want?"

"Of course."

"And trade with the rest of the world?"

"Ah, no. That they can't do. But neither can we."

"You won't have any trade at all with the rest of the world?"

"None at all. That's the whole idea. We isolate ourselves. We need have no contact with the outside world. You'll have three great blocs, the Communists, Europe-Africa, and the Americas—all isolated, all going their own way."

"Trade brings war"

"Isn't this isolation dangerous?"

"On the contrary," said Mosley delightedly. "It's the one hope of peace. Trade doesn't bring peace. It brings war. Even Marx saw that. We would bring an end to this dangerous situation. Under my system, there is simply nothing to fight about. Can you think of anything?"

"Mightn't the Africans want the other half of their country back?"

"Why should they? There are only nine million of them, and they'll have half of an enormous continent. I am making the most magnaminous offer in the whole of history. Anyway, they wouldn't have any arms."

"Would the whites have arms?"

"Oh, yes. But only for protection."

My head was beginning to spin a bit. I said: "Isn't that what some people would call coercion—when one party imposes its will on another by arms?"

"They may call it what they like," said Mosley impatiently. "The idea of any effective revolt by the blacks, even if every parson in England agitated for it, is simply ridiculous. The main thing is the concept of Europe-Africa—one people, one nation. But I have many other interesting proposals. There is my wage-price mechanism. . . ."

The wage-price mechanism seemed to be a highly detailed procedure by which the government controlled both wages and the price of goods. If goods were not selling well the government lowered prices, while at the same time raising wages to encourage workers to buy. Wages would almost always go up and prices almost always come down. Everybody somehow would show an excellent profit.

"This is really the final development of my economic thinking since I left the Labour Party. You'll have differentials between industries — for instance, we'd pay double or even treble wages to develop certain industries. But wages would continually go up anyway to mop up increased production. Naturally, the unions would cooperate in many ways. . . ."

Twenty minutes later, he was still explaining it. "Certainly, it's a bit complex, but perfectly simple once you've got the basic idea. I'm in essence, you see, a practical, constructive person, a mechanic, really—on a great scale, perhaps. There are still these practical things for me to do in the world."

"Yes. What success have you had in getting these ideas across to other practical people?"

"Ah," Mosley said seriously, "that is the point. Three years ago I would have said none. Now I believe yes. The seed is well sown. My supporters have absorbed the thought. It's thought, you see, that lives on. Even if I were assassinated tomorrow, my thought would live on now."

He had caught me looking at my watch once or twice, and now consulted his own. It *was* slow, I noticed; very slow. The important visitor hadn't turned up. Mosley seemed to have forgotten him. The telephone had not rung, and the only caller had been a man asking for chairs to mend. . . .

Outside, the sun was shining, blinding after the dim room with its remorseless, rambling voice. On the embankment, a few sages paced moodily up and down. I looked back at the house. Through a window, Mosley could be seen bent over his papers, doubtless refining still further his wage-price mechanism or the heady affairs of Europe-Africa.

Below the embankment, the Thames flowed brackishly along. Quite a lot of it must have passed beneath the bridges since a young man with hooded eyes started out on his destined journey—to a silent house where time goes slowly.

THE END

How right you are, Jeeves

continued from page 17

chair and give the top of the armoire the once-over. It was a setback to find that the cow-creamer wasn't there. I suppose these kleptomaniacs know a thing or two and don't hide the loot in the obvious place.

There was nothing to be done but start the exhaustive search elsewhere, and I proceeded to do so, keeping an ear cocked for any snatch of song. None coming, it was with something of the old debonair Wooster spirit that I looked under this and took a dekko behind that.

I HAD just crawled beneath the dressing-table in pursuance of my researches, when one of those disembodied voices which were so frequent hereabouts caused me to give my head a nasty bump.

"For goodness sake!" it said, and I came out like a winkle on the end of a pin, to find Ma Cream there once more.

We went into our routine.

"Mr. Wooster!"

"Oh, hallo."

"Are you still looking for that mouse?"

"That's right. I thought I saw it run under there, and I was about to deal with it, regardless of its age or sex."

"What makes you think there is a mouse here?"

"Oh, one gets these ideas."

"Do you often hunt for mice?"

"Fairly frequently."

An idea seemed to strike her. "You don't think you're a cat?"

"No, I'm pretty straight on that."

"But you pursue mice?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is very interesting. I must consult my psychiatrist when I get back to New York. I'm sure he will tell me that this mouse-fixation is a symbol of something. Your head feels funny, doesn't it?"

"It does rather," I said, for the bump I had given it had been a juicy one, and the temples were throbbing.

"I thought as much. A sort of burning sensation, eh? Now you do just as I tell you. Go to your room and lie down. Relax. Try to get a little sleep. Perhaps a cup of strong tea would help. And . . . I'm trying to think of the name of that psychiatrist I've heard people over here speak so highly of. Bossom? Blossom? Glossop, that's it, Sir Roderick Glossop. I think you ought to consult him. They say he's wonderful. Cures the most stubborn cases. Meanwhile, rest is the thing."

At an early point in these exchanges I had started to sidle to the door, and I now sidled through it, rather like a diffident crab on some sandy beach trying to avoid the attentions of a child with a spade. I went in search of Bobbie, breathing fire.

I found her at the wheel of her car.

"Oh, hallo, Bertie," she said, and a fish on ice couldn't have spoken more calmly. "Have you got it?"

I ground a tooth or two and waved the arms in a passionate gesture. "No, I haven't," I said. "But Ma Cream got me. You and your singing!"

Her eyes widened a bit farther, and she squeaked another squeak.

"Oh, Bertie, I'm sorry about that."

"Me, too."

"You see, I was called away to the telephone. Mother rang up. She was

GOSSIP—3

There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about.

Oscar Wilde

New swift line, new uncrowded comfort

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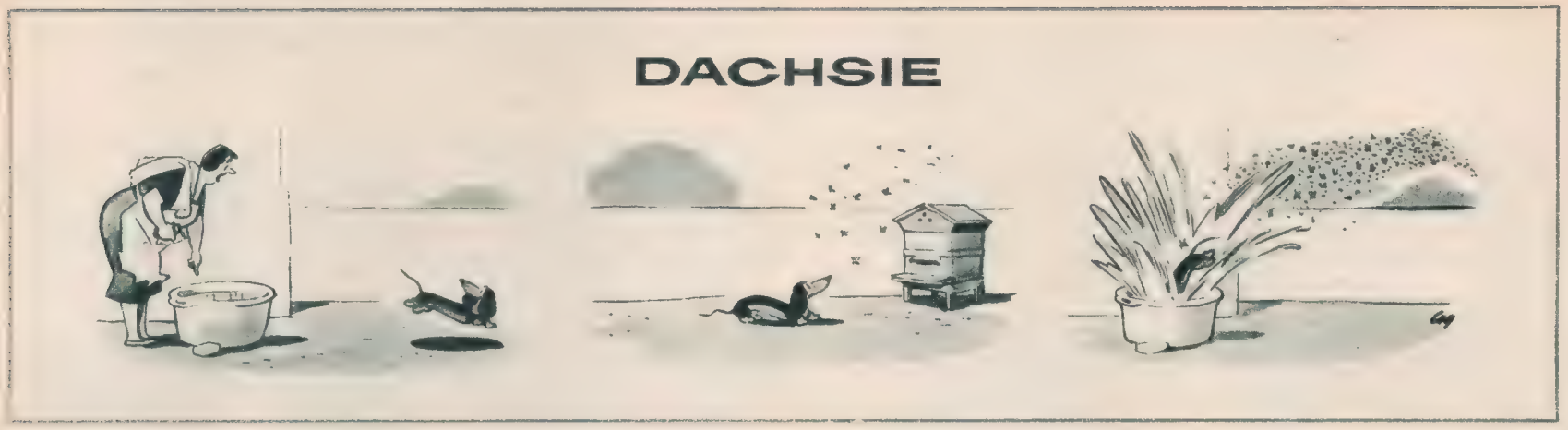

How right you are, Jeeves

continued from page 31

delighted when I told her I was coming home. She wants to have a long talk."

"About me, of course?"

"Yes, I expect your name will crop up. But I mustn't stay here chatting with you, Bertie, much as I enjoy your conversation." And she drove off, spraying gravel in all directions.

I laughed a bitter laugh and made for the lawn. A go at one of Ma Cream's goosefleshers might, I thought, do something to soothe the vibrating ganglions.

And it did. I hadn't been reading long when drowsiness stole over me....

I awoke to find that some two hours had passed, and it was while stretching the limbs that I remembered I hadn't sent that wire to Kipper Herring, inviting him to come and join the gang. I went to Aunt Dahlia's boudoir and telephoned it.

This done, I was approaching the lawn with a view to getting on with my reading when blow me tight if I didn't behold Kipper alighting from his car at the front door.

The distance from London to Brankley Court being a hundred miles or so and not much more than two minutes having elapsed since I had sent off that telegram, the fact that Kipper was now outside the Brankley front door struck me as quick service. The what-ho with which I greeted him was tinged, accordingly, with a certain bewilderment.

KIPPER gulped, then spoke in a hollow voice, like a spirit at a seance. "Hallo, Bertie," he said. "I saw that thing in *The Times*. About you being engaged to Bobbie."

I felt it would be amusing to kid the poor fish along for a while.

"Ah, yes," I said. "In *The Times*. Quite. You saw it, did you?"

"At the club, after lunch. I couldn't believe my eyes. You'll scarcely credit this, but only a couple of days ago she was engaged to me."

"You don't say?"

"Yes, I do." He kicked petulantly at a passing beetle, frowned awhile and resumed. "It's the cold, callous what-d'you-call-it of the thing that shocks me. She just let me get the news from the paper. I was stunned."

"I bet you were. Did everything go black?"

"Pretty black. I took the rest of the day thinking it over, and this morning wangled leave from the office and got the car out and came down here to tell you. . . ."

He paused, overcome with emotion.

"Yes?" I said.

"To tell you that, whatever we do, we mustn't let this thing break our old friendship."

"Of course not. Damn silly idea."

"The same old lunches and the occasional game of squash. And when you are married and settled down, I shall frequently look in for a cocktail."

"Yes, do."

"I will. Though I shall have to exercise an iron self-restraint to keep me from beaning that pie-faced little horn-swoggler Mrs. Bertram Wooster, *née* Wickham, with the shaker."

I smiled a subtle smile. I was finding all this extremely diverting.

"Kipper," I said, "I have an amazing story to relate."

I don't know if you happen to take Old Doctor Gordon's Bile Magnesia, which when the liver is disordered gives instant relief, acting like magic and imparting an inward glow?

WELL, what I'm driving at is that I told Kipper Bobbie had announced her engagement to me only to make her mother look with more favour upon him, and my amazing story had exactly the same effect on Kipper as Doctor Gordon's medium dose for adults.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" he said, when I had placed the facts before him.

"I thought you would be."

"Bless her dear ingenious little heart! Not many girls would have got the grey matter buzzing like that. Any idea how the thing is working out?"

"Rather smoothly, I think. On reading the announcement in *The Times* Wickham senior had hysterics and swooned in her tracks."

"Well, that's fine. It looks as though, after you, I shall come to her like . . . it's on the tip of my tongue."

"Rare and refreshing fruit?"

"Exactly. Gosh, Bertie, when I think that she—Bobbie, I mean, not Lady Wickham—will soon be mine, I could dance a saraband. I wonder how Upjohn will react at dinner tonight when confronted with not only one former pupil but two, and those two the very brace that have probably haunted him in his dreams for the last fifteen years."

"He isn't here. He's gone up to London."

"Isn't anybody here?"

"Certainly. There's Phyllis Mills—"

"Nice girl."

"—and Mrs. Homer Cream of New York City, N.Y., and her son Wilbert. And that brings me to something Aunt Dahlia wants you to do for her."

I was pleased, as I put him hep on the Wilbert-Phyllis situation and revealed the part he was expected to play in it, to note that he showed no signs of being about to issue the presidential veto.

"Rely on me, Bertie," he said. "I will be about this Cream's bed and about his board, spying out all his ways. Every time he lures the poor girl into a leafy glade I will be there."

As I hadn't the remotest which rooms were available and which weren't, getting Kipper dug in necessitated ringing for Pop Glossop. I pressed the button and he appeared, giving me, as he entered, a conspiratorial glance.

"Oh, Swordfish," I said, having given him a conspiratorial glance in return, "this is Mr. Herring, who has come to join our little group. Where do we park him?"

"The Red Room suggests itself, sir."

"You get the Red Room, Kipper, Will you escort Mr. Herring thither, Swordfish?"

"Very good, sir."

When Glossop returned I waylaid him in his pantry. "Let me tell you what occurred after I left you this afternoon," I said.

"Yes, I am all eagerness to hear."

If I do say so, I told my story well. When I had finished he t'ck-t'ck-ed and said it must have been most unpleasant for me.

"But I think," he said, "that I should have thought of an explanation of your presence calculated to carry more immediate conviction than that you were searching for a mouse.

"In fact I am wondering if it was altogether wise to entrust this very delicate operation to a young fellow like yourself. In my earlier days I won no little praise for my skill at hunt-the-slipper. I remember one of the hostesses whose Christmas parties I attended comparing me to a juvenile bloodhound. An extravagant encomium, of course, but that is what she said."

I LOOKED at him with a wild surmise. It seemed to me that there was but one meaning to be attached to this.

"You aren't thinking of having a pop at it yourself?"

"That is my intention, Mr. Wooster."

"I wish you'd call me Bertie."

"Certainly, certainly."

"And might I call you Roderick?"

"I shall be delighted."

"Or Roddy?"

"Whichever you prefer."

"And you are really going to hunt the slipper?"

"I am resolved to do so. I have the greatest respect and affection for your uncle and appreciate how deeply wounded he would be were this prized object to be permanently missing from his collection. I would never forgive myself if, in the endeavour to recover his property, I were to leave any——"

"Stone unturned?"

"I was about to say avenue unexplored. I shall strain every——"

"Sinew?"

"I was thinking of the word nerve."

"Just as *juste*. You'll have to bide

Everybody's Puzzling

BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

While setting up a line of printing type, a junior compositor accidentally dropped the six characters making the word "denied."

He replaced them in the line without paying attention to the order of the letters, although he automatically took care that the characters were not upside down.

What are the chances of a misprint?

QUIZZLE

The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

CLUE DOWN

A. Joint expedition resulting in mutual downfall (4, 3, 4, 4, 2, 3, 4).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Act of throwing goods overboard.
B. Designer of a building.
C. Roll of hair at back of the head.
D. Pure food, according to Jewish ordinance.
E. Scene of combat.
F. Beginner.
G. Coloured twilled cotton for overalls.
H. Conqueror of Jericho.
I. Peaceful.
J. To execute without trial.
K. Herbaceous plant with blue, scarlet or purple flowers.
L. Pocket book.
M. Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.
N. Administrative centre of Indian capital (3-5).
O. Native war drum (3-3).
P. Doorkeeper.
Q. Heaven.
R. Jewish book of civil and canonical laws.
S. Coarse brown cloth of jute or hemp.
T. Curly-leaved herb used in salads.
U. Home of rest for pilgrims.
V. To transfix on a stake.
W. Windpipe.
X. Seed of leguminous plant, used as food.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48		

A				1	2					
B			3			4				
C		5		6						
D			7	8						
E				9						
F		10			11					
G		12	13							
H		14	15							
I		16		17						
J		18		19						
K			20	21						
L		22			23					
M			24	25				26		
N			27	28						
O		29			30					
P			31							
Q				32			33			
R		34		35						
S		36		37						
T				38	39					
U			40	41						
V	42	43			44					
W		45		46						
X	47				48					

HOW TURN TO FACE IN FOR THE ANSWERS

How right you are, Jeeves

continued from previous page

your time in the circumstances, of course."

"Quite."

"I'll give you one tip. The thing isn't on top of the armoire."

"Ah, that is helpful."

"Unless, of course, he's put it there since. Well, best of luck, Roddy."

"Thank you, Bertie."

If I had been taking Old Doctor Gordon's Bile Magnesia regularly, I couldn't have felt more of an inward glow as I left Roddy and headed for the lawn to get the Ma Cream book and return it to its place on the shelves of Aunt Dahlia's boudoir.

I GOT the book and, ascertaining after reaching Aunt Dahlia's lair that there remained some twenty minutes before it would be necessary to start getting ready for the evening meal, I took a seat and resumed my reading. But I hadn't put more than a couple of clues under my belt when the door flew open and Kipper appeared.

"Bertie, the most frightful thing has happened."

"What's the matter?" I said.

"I think you will understand that when I read that announcement in *The Times* I was utterly bowled over?"

"Oh, quite. Perfectly natural."

"And after I had seethed for a bit I rose from my chair, took pen in hand and wrote Bobbie a stinker."

"Oh, gosh!"

"I accused her in set terms of giving me the heave-ho in order that she could mercenarily marry a richer man. I called her a carrot-topped gold-digger whom I was thankful to have got out of my hair. I . . . oh, I can't remember what else I said but, as I say, it was a stinker."

"But you never mentioned a word about this when I met you."

"In the ecstasy of learning that that *Times* thing was just eyewash and that Bobbie loved me still, it all passed from my mind. When it suddenly came back to me just now, it was like getting hit in the eye with a wet fish. I rang up the Wickham residence and was informed that she had just arrived."

"She must have driven like mad!"

"No doubt she did. And she told me with a merry lilt in her voice that she had found my letter on the hall table, and could hardly wait to open it. In a shaking voice I told her not to."

"So you were in time."

"In time, my foot. What does a girl do when told not to open a letter?"

I got his drift.

"I heard the envelope rip, and the next moment she nearly took my head off. She said she was thankful that I was glad to have got her out of my hair, because she was immensely relieved to have got me out of hers, and that I had made her very, very happy because now she was free to marry you, which had always been her dearest wish."

I sprang to the door, and Kipper stiffened.

"Am I boring you?"

"No, no."

"Then why are you legging it?"

"I'm off to get my car."

"But it's nearly dinner time."

"I don't want any dinner."

"Where are you going?"

"Herne Bay."

"Why Herne Bay?"

"Because Jeeves is there, and this thing must be placed in his hands without a moment's delay." I said. "If he has been eating plenty of fish, as no doubt he would do at a seashore resort, his brain will be at the top of its form. And when Jeeves's brain is at the top of its form, he always finds the way."

NEXT WEEK: I find that Jeeves has disappeared

© P. G. Wodehouse, 1959

Poet in the Garden

Take cuttings now, the soil is warm and kind.
Select a healthy shoot, young, semi-ripe,
Remove the lower leaves, and plant: you'll find
A pinch of hormone rooting powder makes
Growth twice as sure, then every cutting "takes."
Compost for cuttings should be fine and sandy.
And now a sheet or two of glass comes handy.
Place over cuttings, or make plastic tents.
Moisture and dampness, that's what starts roots growing.
Top-dress chrysanthemums now with old manure.
Watch dahlias; earwigs work where buds are showing,
Soon spoiling your best flowers, so make quite sure
Of trapping them; a pot well stuffed with hay
Inverted on a stake lures them away.
Shake out and kill the wretched beasts each morning.
Ants choose hot, stormy summer days for swarming,
Loosening the soil and bringing death to plants,
So spread a lethal powder through their haunts.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

The secret decision that changed the world

continued from page 19

atomic bomb to compel the surrender of Japan was never even an issue."

Apparently this was a bridge for which Mr. Churchill had long been ready.

By some other men, though, the bridge of decision had not yet been crossed. Some felt close to a decision, but were not quite ready to cross; others did not have the power to decide, but felt they still had the power of speech to influence those responsible. In this latter class were a number of scientists, the most active of whom was Leo Szilard.

Szilard was still busy. He had worked on the Franck Report, and now he had one more thought—a petition.

This scientist, like Stimson, thought "the bomb was mostly considered from the point of view of its possible use in war. . . ." But in a letter to Roosevelt he wrote: "The years which will follow can be expected to be far more important . . ." and he thought they would be dangerous to the United States. In June and July, 1945, Szilard was still talking, inasmuch as security would let him.

He thought that Russia could soon duplicate America's atomic effort, and that America's long coastline would make her vulnerable to bombs smuggled in, or fired from off-shore submarines. And he warned of guided missiles: "If there should be great progress in the development of rockets after this war, it is conceivable that it will be possible to drop atomic bombs on the cities of the United States from very great distances. . ."

Szilard tried to get these considerations before those who could act upon them. He circulated petitions around the atomic project at Chicago, while sympathetic colleagues circulated similar ones at Los Alamos in New Mexico and Oak Ridge, Tennessee. This was an extraordinary thing to do on the site, or around the fringes, of a super-secret army project.

In the first form of the petition he circulated, Szilard said that once the bombs were used it would be difficult to resist the temptation of using them again, and "thus a nation which sets the precedent of using these newly liberated forces of nature for purposes of destruction may have to bear the responsibility of opening the door to an era of unimaginable devastation."

According to Dr. Arthur Compton, of the Interim Committee, the petition in this form found "almost no support." Then, according to Compton, it was rephrased so as to approve the use of the weapons "after giving suitable warning and opportunity for surrender under known conditions."

Szilard gave this petition, representing the views of sixty-seven scientists, to Compton, for delivery to Washington, sometime in the middle of July. The petition and the names disappeared into secrecy—and they are still locked somewhere, safe from the eyes of enemies or friends.

Counter-petitions were also made up by other scientists. One statement for a military use of the bomb said: ". . . these sentiments, we feel, represent more truly those of the majority of Americans and particularly those who have sons . . . in the foxholes and warships in the Pacific."

Plea for surrender

Another, addressed to the President, was close to Stimson's views. It urged that the bomb be dropped only if the Japanese had been given a chance to surrender with hope of peaceful development as a nation, and if convincing warnings had been given that a new weapon would be used and—an extra provision—if responsibility for the use of atomic bombs were shared with America's allies.

Compton and Brigadier - General Leslie R. Groves, the director of "Manhattan," thought that these statements and counter - statements made it difficult to get an idea of how the people on the atomic project felt about the use of the bomb. Therefore, directors of the chief laboratories were asked to report on how scientists in their respective centres felt about this weapon.

Farrington Daniels, then director of the Chicago Metallurgical Laboratory, decided to conduct a poll of 150 scientists. The polling was voluntary and informal, and all who were asked voted. There was only one question: "Which of the following procedures comes closest to your choice as to the way in which any new weapons that we may develop should be used in the Japanese war?"

With regard to the five possible answers given with the question, one may be dismissed, for only two per cent of the scientists voted for it—that was to keep the whole business secret and not use the weapon at all. This thought, which ordinarily occurred first to military men, had always seemed impossible to most scientists.

The four alternatives and the percentage of the poll voting for each as their choice, in the order of their popularity, went like this:

1. Give a military demonstration to Japan to be followed by a renewed opportunity for surrender before full use of the weapons is employed. (Forty-six per cent.)

2. Give an experimental demonstration in America, with representatives of Japan present, followed by a new opportunity for surrender before full use of the weapon is employed. (Twenty-six per cent.)

3. Use the weapons in the manner that is, from the military point of view, most effective in bringing about prompt Japanese surrender at minimum human cost to our armed forces. (Fifteen per cent.)

4. Withhold military use of the weapons, but make public experimental demonstration of their effectiveness. (Eleven per cent.)

The results of this poll, locked in secrecy for years, touched off bitter criticism of Compton.

Physical scientists were attempting what social scientists know to be a far more involved procedure than it appears: the design and administration of a questionnaire. Every word is important in its design—a fact that a psychologist must know, but that a physicist is likely to ignore. For example, what is meant by a military demonstration? Was the German bombing of /Coventry a military demonstration? Was Hiroshima?

Interpreting the results of the

questionnaire has also caused many an argument among some of the famous scientists concerned.

But it is clear that only fifteen per cent wanted the weapon used as military efficiency dictated. That means that eighty-five per cent had reservations, according to one way of reading the results.

There was little time left for further explorations of opinion. The poll was forwarded to Washington, and Compton has said that an "immediate reply" was received, showing that it was being considered. By whom?

Daniels took his poll on July 12. That was just twenty-five days before Bomb Day, the hour when "The Gimmick" would be ready for the plane. Men were working around the clock at Los Alamos and on Tinian.

There was another event that seemed to have outpaced the chances of scientists' opinions being heard any farther. The President and his principal advisers were already on their way to Europe for the Potsdam Conference. They had left the weekend of July 6, a week before the poll was taken.

Time was running out—with the bombers, with the men in the desert, and in the Berlin that bombers had already made into desert.

On the night of July 12 a team of scientists and technicians from "Site Y," as the plant at Los Alamos, New Mexico, was called, went to the desert testing site known as "Trinity."

Tense, quiet . . . jumpy

In an old ranch house they worked on the final assembly of their delicate electronic device.

Their motions were expert, but they worked quietly and tensely. Radiation cannot be seen or felt by the human senses, so even after years of familiarity a man feels a certain jumpiness when close to possible exposure.

Although these men had long been familiar with the separate parts, the final assembly was completely new to them. Nobody in the world had ever put together a device quite like this one.

As the sub-assemblies were brought into place and made ready, as the pieces were joined to each other and began to look like the dreams, the drawings, and the nightmares, a sigh would go up, or a self-conscious joke. Would all this fit together in time? There were only three nights left before test day.

At one point the pressure focused entirely upon the brains and hands of Dr. Robert F. Bacher, the theoretical

Answers to
Everybody's Puzzling
See page 33

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

Taking the characters in order as they are replaced, the first letter can be any of the six; there are therefore six chances. Having chosen one character, there remain 5 from which to choose the second letter, so that the possible choices for the first two letters is 6×5, or 30. There are then 4 letters left from which to choose the third letter; then 3 from which to choose the fourth, and 2 from which to select the fifth letter, but only one choice for the last letter. Hence the total number of ways in which the letters can have been replaced is $6 \times 5 \times 4 \times 3 \times 2$, or 720. Now the word "denied" contains two letters "d" and two letters "e". so the types in each pair can be interchanged without a misprint. This gives us 2×2, or 4 ways in which the word can have been set correctly out of the 720 total arrangements. Thus the chances of a correct setting are 1 in 180 or to put it another way, the chances of a misprint are 179 in 180.

QUIZZLE

Quotation: Is he in heaven? Is he in hell? That demmed, elusive Pimpernel? (Baroness Orczy.)

Clue Down: Jack and Jill went up the hill

Clues Across: (A) Jettison; (B) Architect; (C) Chignon; (D) Kosher; (E) Arena; (F) Novice; (G) Denim; (H) Joshua; (I) Irenic; (J) Lynch; (K) Lobelia; (L) Wallet; (M) Eucharist; (N) New Delhi; (O) Tom-tom; (P) Usher; (Q) Paradise; (R) Talmud; (S) Hessian; (T) Endive; (U) Hospice; (V) Impale; (W) Larynx; (X) Lentil.

"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

PLAYER'S
taste
better

[NCC 318J]

continued from previous page

physicist who was in charge of the vital heart of the device.

One component definitely did not fit at the time it was brought to its place. This was unbelievable! Parts had been machined to the extremes of precision and measurement; they fitted perfectly. Now, on this component, surely no one could have made an error?

Bacher judged this lack of fit to be a matter of expansion or contraction due to temperature changes: one piece of metal was slightly warmer than the other. The crew waited three minutes, listening in the desert night to the sound of their watches—and their hearts.

After waiting for the temperatures to equalize, they tried again, and the outer piece of metal slid effortlessly to join the other.

On Saturday, the night of July 14, the bomb was raised to the top of a steel tower. This raising of the unit to its resting place had also been well rehearsed. They had even hoisted a dummy device to the top of the tower a few days before—a fake containing ordinary explosives—but not meant to explode or fire.

But it had fired when lightning struck it! That had not been planned in any rehearsal.

All that weekend men came and went with their trucks and jeeps, their black non-magnetic hammers. They carried probes and "sniffers," oscilloscopes and portable ionization chambers. They trailed long cables like snakes across the sandy earth. And they wired the device with delicate nerves so that it would send out information up to the last moment.

Then the bomb was as ready as it would ever be.

The bomb crew waits

On the island of Tinian, which at the time had the world's largest airfield, the men of the 509th continued to build up their Pacific base, from which the B-29 Superforts took off on their practice missions. On their practice flights the men of the 509th went over the Pacific and, after July 20, over Japan with only three planes. Each crew might comprise thirty men, who had already known each other and worked together for months.

These men chafed at making practice runs. Except for their commanding officer, Colonel Paul W. Tibbets, jr., they did not know that the chief purpose was to get the Japanese anti-aircraft gunners used to the idea that three B-29s could fly over without bringing hundreds more in their train.

The American high command, naturally, did not want the plane carrying "The Gimmick" to be shot down at all, but if it were brought down and lost its bombload before it reached the target, the consequences could be extremely serious. Secrecy would be lost—and, moreover, there might not be a further supply of bombs, for each one was virtually made by hand.

Waiting for the first bomb to arrive added to the nervousness of the men of the 509th, who sometimes found it difficult to pass the time: they had played poker, drunk PX beer, and read comic books until they could not bear the sight of them.

The air crews found that the ground crews, having arrived first, had managed to give the other units already at Tinian the impression that the 509th had the final super-weapon that would end the war.

Tinian enjoyed ribbing the men of the 509th, whom they dubbed the "Victory Boys" or the "Glory Boys." It all came under the heading of good clean fun, but there were more sinister jokes in the air.

The Japanese radio began making fun of the 509th. The propaganda radio actually called them by their right number and said their secrecy was ridiculous.

The men lay awake at nights, wondering how the news ever got to Tokyo. Obviously, far "back in the woods" on Tinian, perhaps with radio equipment, there were Japanese who had not surrendered. What motives kept the Japanese going? What would happen when "The Gimmick" was dropped?

Looking for a place to meet, the victors of the war had not been able to find suitable rooms and quarters in the Berlin they had blasted to bits. Thus, the meeting, with the code-name "Terminal," was convened in the suburb of Potsdam.

Over the weekend of July 14, 1945, the Big Three Conference arrived. It was the largest conclave of world leaders ever to meet in the Cecilienhof Palace, a building of moderately bad and moderately grand architecture which was once the home of Crown Prince Wilhelm.

Stalin was late in arriving for the opening of the conference, scheduled for Monday, July 16, so President Truman took advantage of the time off to visit Berlin.

He rode about in an open car with Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy, his personal Chief of Staff, and James F. Byrnes, whom he had just appointed Secretary of State. The wrecked city made a profound impression on all three men.

The President, noted Leahy, commented on the error of a nation turning back to barbarism and expecting to get away with it. "It is a demonstration of what can happen when a man overreaches himself," the President remarked. "I never saw such destruction. I don't know whether they learned anything from it or not."

Building the peace

The next day the delegations plunged into the intricacy of modern diplomatic conflict. By the time of Potsdam, the high commands of the United States and Britain were looking well beyond the immediate military situation, to the shape of the postwar world. They were concerned about creating some kind of stable peace, and they already felt that their main problem was, and would be, their relations with Russia.

Stalin wanted to talk about the disposition of German ships, and about reparations. He mentioned the possibility of some overseas territories for Russia: the U.S.S.R. wanted to be like the Western countries in that respect. Stalin also was to raise the question of Spain and Franco. The Spanish Government, he felt, had been imposed on its people by Germany and Italy. Now that the dictators were vanquished, what about Spain?

Thus Potsdam was tremendously burdened with power politics and with thorny practical problems.

The lights burned late in the Cecilienhof Palace and in the Western delegations' headquarters in nearby Babelsberg.

Lights were also burning late in Washington—and in New Mexico.

There is, of course, a difference in time between Potsdam and Washington. It was Monday, July 16, in Europe—but Sunday night, July 15 in the United States—when Lieutenant Theodore Koop of the Office of Censorship received a dramatic telephone call at his home in Washington. Colonel William A. Consodine, of the Security Office of "Manhattan," was on the line.

Certain key people in Censorship had been told a few details of the atomic

"Well, that's 22 of the 25 exciting new ways to prepare rice"

Crescent of death

continued from page 22

is over, the play finished. Come again when next you are in port. You shall be welcomed by us all."

Jensen was very pale and he stood up swaying slightly on his feet. "Will you see me?" he demanded in a thick voice.

Li shrugged. "What is your bet?"

Jensen jerked a thumb at the bag. "My winnings against the rest of what's in there, doubled or nothing."

Li said: "And if you lose?"

"Try me."

"Very well."

Jensen threw down his cards face up. Li looked at them for a second without speech then sighed gently and allowed his own cards to flutter from opened fingers to the table. Rare Jade came forward and pushed the case of money towards Jensen. The sailor's face lit up and he boomed at Ali Raafat: "The house, Gyppo, I took it."

Ali started forward, but Jensen waved him back and pulled the cork from the untouched rum bottle, lifted it and drank from the neck. When he put it down his eyes were wild and he lurched over to Li and clapped him hard on the shoulder. "You're a straight-shooter, Li, I'll say that for you. Here, have a drink."

Li Chieng-Wei stepped back a pace and wrapped his dignity again about him, refusing the drink politely.

Jensen put both hands down on the table and stared hard at the Chinese. "Did I take you for the lot?" he inquired.

The gambler smiled broadly this time. "No," he said. "I have a little left for emergencies, but I shall know where to go should my needs become pressing."

The bos'n waved an ill-aimed hand at him. "That's right," he said. "I don't forget a friend, ask the Gyppo here."

He weaved towards the door and Ali stretched out a hand to take the case of money from the table. For a second the marmoreal eyes of Li Chieng-Wei stared into those of Ali Raafat and the Arab could sense the chill enmity of the loser.

Jensen finished his bottle on the way back to the ship and opened another when he got aboard. He was raving and exultant, roaring drunk and ripe for trouble but not so far dead to reason as to confide the news of his good fortune to his shipmates.

They got him to his bunk in the early afternoon and he lay there on his back breathing stertorously. The case still clasped to his chest aroused some comment in the fo'c'sle, but Jensen's escapades were sufficiently frequent and accompanied as a rule by such violence that no man attempted to take it from him. Ali went down to see him at nightfall and at first he thought him asleep. But the big man stirred at his light approach and raised himself on one elbow.

He seemed almost sober but his eyes were quite mad and he hooked his hand in Ali's shirt front and pulled him close into him. "Li had more, do you hear me, he had more," he whispered. "I'm going back there when I've had my sleep out and I'm going to take him for the rest. Justice, that's what it'll be, for all the poor sailormen he's cleaned out. But not Ole Jensen, never me, I'll have his heart and his liver before he gets anything from me." His voice trailed off into rambling incoherencies and Ali gently disengaged the hand from his shirt and let the heavy head fall back on the pillow. He stood and watched him for a while until he was sure that Jensen was good for the night, then left him and stole away to his own bunk.

Ali Raafat had no watch to tell him what time it happened; at one moment he lay in a deep dreamless sleep and in the next he was sitting bolt upright in his bunk with sweat pouring down his face and a dead cold weight at his heart. He swung his legs off the cot and padded barefoot the length of the snoring fo'c'sle. The door of Jensen's cabin stood ajar and a tiny red night bulb glowed above the empty bunk. The flat leather case lay open upon the tumbled blankets and that was empty too.

He went back for shirt and pants then climbed to the deck. Light was creeping over the rim of the hills behind Port of Spain and somewhere far off a dog howled mournfully. Ali Raafat shivered in the dawn wind and looked down the deserted quay along the lines of shuttered warehouses. Nothing stirred or broke the silence beyond the slow oily lap of the tide against the piles on which the dock stood and the faint howling of the pie dog away beyond the town. Ali put his hands to his waist and stood there sniffing death on the dawn wind.

They found Jensen when day broke. He was lying face downwards in a storm ditch up where the town begins to climb into the hills. His neck was neatly broken and there was nothing left of

NEXT WEEK'S STORIES

JUNGLE SAMARITAN
by NORAH BURKE

SON OF THE DALES
by DUDLEY HOYS

project, in order that they could intelligently watch for any leakage of the story of "Manhattan." Now Consodine was tipping off Censorship to be on the alert. This phone call was to keep certain censors wide awake all that night. Conceivably a radio commentator might see something he could report. If so, perhaps the story could be stopped before it went out on the air.

Colonel Consodine was saying to Lieutenant Koop: "Something is going to happen in New Mexico at daybreak tomorrow."

In New Mexico, that night began with rain and lightning. The men of Los Alamos kept looking anxiously at the tower.

Since the dummy atom bomb had accidentally been touched off, protective devices against lightning had been installed. But men were still jumpy when the lightning flashed. One young scientist became hysterical and doctors ordered him to be removed from the scene.

Four o'clock in the morning was test time. The equipment was ready, but the bad weather caused one postponement after another.

All around the site of "Trinity" the desert stretched away, and intermittently the workers could see the mountains, a darker black in the weather.

The only inhabited locality near the site was the village of Carrizozo, thirty miles away, where 1,500 people lived and, at the moment, were sleeping. The scientists were worried about the problem of radiation.

GOSSIP—4

Gossip is vice enjoyed vicariously.

Elbert Hubbard

Army trucks stood ready to invade the village at a moment's notice, if wind conditions became dangerous. The soldiers were briefed to rush into the town, rouse everyone—men, women, and babes in arms—bundle them into the trucks and carry them quickly to safety.

At 5.30 a.m., the command knew the soldiers did not have to disturb the village. The bomb was exploded.

Even the scientists were shocked as they saw the vast changing configurations of light and vapour. The real surprise, though, came when the noise reached them a few seconds later; they had forgotten there would be a roar.

The noise woke up Carrizozo. In the dark, sleepy men and women sat up in terror, asking: "What was that?" And some, through their windows, saw a pillar of fire, six miles high, in the dawn. What was it?

A secret message, designed to wake up men at the Cecilienhof Palace, was sent at once to Potsdam. A Signal Corps man there tore it from the teletype: "BABIES SATISFACTORILY BORN."

On July 17 Churchill had a visitor from the American delegation. Stimson laid before him a sheet of paper on which the momentous three-word message was written and explained that it meant that the bomb test had come off.

Churchill's response was one of exultation. He has written: "To quell the Japanese resistance man by man and conquer the country yard by yard might well have required the loss of a million American lives and half that number of British—or more, if we could get them there: for we were resolved to share the agony. Now all this nightmare picture had vanished. In its place was the vision—fair and bright indeed it seemed—of the end of the whole war in one or two violent shocks."

He mentioned another aspect of the weapon: the West would not need the Russians in the Pacific, and would have no need to ask favours of them. To Churchill, a better bargaining position with the Russians meant that European problems could be faced on their merits.

It is no exaggeration to state that to Churchill the first light of the "Trinity" bomb seemed to spread sunshine on all sides of the globe (though very shortly he was to speak grimly about the "secrets of the atom, long mercifully withheld from man").

Therefore, on the day after the great news broke, questions about the use of the bomb did not exist for him.

The problem that really occupied his thoughts was the much more intricate matter of what to tell the Russians. And it proved to be a drama in which Truman suddenly, and surprisingly, took the initiative.

© *Michael Amrine, 1959*

NEXT WEEK: Leaflets warn the Japs—"Surrender or face ruin"

value upon him except the single jade ear-ring he held tightly clasped in his right hand beneath the shallow water.

The police surgeon showed Ali the bruise at the base of the skull and certain lacerations on the knees and forearms and explained with a careful sympathy how the seaman must have stumbled and overbalanced, somersaulting from the road above. It was understood after all that the deceased was not a man of sober habit.

Was there anything Ali could say which might throw light upon the accident? The Arab shook his head gravely. He had nothing to say, there was nothing, after all, to say.

Aboard the Emmeline there was heated argument, why hadn't Ali told the police more? Every manjack aboard was certain that the Arab had some clue to Jensen's death. Ali looked at the angry red-faced men wrangling about him and let them talk themselves out. When they had finished he asked them quietly who among them cared to go ashore and tell what he thought he knew. No man spoke and Ali went to his locker and began to pack his seabag.

The Emmeline sailed without him and he stood on the quayside in the night watching her navigation lights wink out into the bay and then dim and finally disappear as she came about and cracked on speed for the Dragon's Mouth.

At midnight Ali Raafat knocked at the door of the Garden of Fortunate Chance. He knocked quietly and without violence but he kept it up minute by minute until sandalled feet shuffled down the stairs. The door was opened half-way and Rare Jade stood there with the yellow light from the stair well limning her smooth figure. She stared back at him in silence.

"I have come to see your master. Let me pass."

Rare Jade began to close the door. "The house is closed. There is no play tonight."

"I do not come to play," said Ali Raafat and pushed her back inside the house, reaching a hand behind him to close the door and bolt it home.

For a second Rare Jade's mask slipped and her eyes showed a little fear. "What do you want?" she whispered in a tight voice that trembled beyond her power to control it.

Ali leaned forward until his black hawk face was within an inch of her own. He opened his hand and she looked down at the broken jade ear-ring gleaming faintly in his palm. She shrank back against the wall and put her hands behind her. Ali followed up and pushed her hard into the wall. "He came back, my friend Jensen, did he not?"

She nodded wordlessly, her eyes on his face.

"And then he went for a walk in the town with certain friends not of his choosing. With you perhaps, and with Li Chieng-Wei."

Rare Jade gave a single sob of terror. "What will you do with me?"

"With you," replied Ali Raafat dreamily, "with you I shall do nothing because to me you are nothing. You

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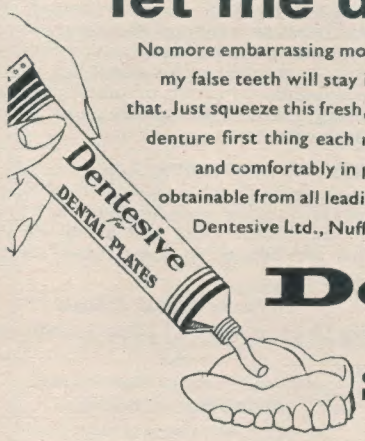

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We advise . . .

RECENTLY a bus stop has been placed outside my house. It is at the end of a route and the buses wait there until their departure time. My garden runs parallel to the road and when the buses are parked people on the top deck can overlook the garden. In the interests of my privacy can I compel the company to remove the stop?—A. B. D., Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

● You would have no legal remedy against the bus company for the loss of privacy through your garden being overlooked in this way.

If, however, unreasonable noise is made at the bus stop you may have a remedy at law to get the nuisance abated.

POETESS IN THE FAMILY

MY daughter, a university student, has written several very good poems. What is the best way in which to have these published?—Mrs. F. N. H., Newcastle, Staffs.

● It is advisable to have a literary agent handle this sort of material. The agents will charge commission on any sales they get.

CLEAN PILLARS

AS I am going to paint the front of my house I would like to know the best way to clean the stone pillars.—E. W. E., Leyton, London, E.10.

● Use plenty of water and a stiff brush. This is very difficult and is only successful if the water pressure is high enough to soak the surface thoroughly.

Another idea is to use spirits of salts, mixed in the proportion of one part to ten parts of water. Allow the solution to soak in, then rinse and scrub, using clean cold water.

HEDGE WITH TEETH

MY boundary is enclosed by a privet hedge and runs alongside a pavement. Now I find that hooligans are damaging the hedge. Would it be legal for me to run three or four strands of barbed wire on the outside of the hedge to protect it?—A. L. H., Deganmy, North Wales.

● Under the Barbed Wire Act, 1893, a fence made with barbed wire may be removed by the local authority if they think that it is a nuisance. This applies only when the wire is placed on land adjoining a highway.

STUMP TO KILL

I HAVE an ash tree which, after being cut down, is about twelve inches in diameter at the base and under four feet high. How can I destroy this stump?—G. W. H., Feltham, Middlesex.

● Bore holes all round at an angle of 45 deg. just above ground level and about eight inches deep. Fill them with copper sulphate crystals, bunging the hole at the top with clay or cork.

EMPTY EXEMPTION

A HOUSE was left to me in a will, but I have not lived in it and it has been empty for about twelve months. Am I liable to pay tax on this unoccupied property?—Miss V. C. H., Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.

● While the property is unoccupied and unfurnished you can claim exemption

continued from previous page

are just a good servant who obeys her master. Also you are not sufficiently strong to break the neck of even a small man."

Rare Jade looked at him uncertainly, then gestured up the stairs. "And what with him?" she whispered.

"You shall have a new master," Ali Raafat promised her gently.

The door of the gaming room was flung open with violence as Ali reached the landing. Li Chieng-Wei stood on the threshold with a scowl disrupting the practised calm of his smooth features.

"The light of your eyes is as the moon to my darkness," Ali began.

Li Chieng-Wei spared no such politeness. "What are you doing here, black slave? The house is closed; go away."

Ali halted and tapped a pocket which clinked significantly. "Your servant has passed me," he said.

Li Chieng-Wei gave him a long look in which suspicion mingled plainly with cupidity. "It is enough," he said at last. "Come into the room."

He turned his back on the Arab and went back inside, his long royal blue gown with its brocaded golden dragons rustling about his legs as he walked.

Ali Raafat's lip curled. "I should prefer you to face me when you die," he said.

Li whirled on the instant and took a quick pace forward. But the sight of the Arab's face stopped him in his tracks and he retreated again until one hand rested upon the table. With a sudden cat-like movement he sprang behind it and wrenched open a drawer. His hand came up holding a long knife with a black lacquered handle mounted with silver. Ali looked at the knife, looked at Li and then laughed in his face.

"You killed my friend," he said in a flat, even voice, and Li, whose composure had returned when he felt the weapon in his hand, did not attempt to deny it.

"It will be interesting to learn how you can prove it," he sneered.

"I need no proof for the things that

from income tax during the void period.

CLAIMING A MEDAL

CAN you tell me how I go about applying for the Defence Medal for the last war? I was a nurse in Liverpool.—Mrs. D. S. H., Mongl-Lealui, Barotseland.

● Set out the full details of your war service and apply to the Assistant Under-Secretary of State, Home Office, London, S.W.1.

A MINOR BREACH

WHAT is the legal situation of either one of an engaged couple if the other breaks the engagement and one of the two is under twenty-one? I say that if the girl is under twenty-one she cannot sue the man for breach of promise.—C. T., Arksey, Yorks.

● If at the time of the engagement to marry, one of the parties is under the age of twenty-one, he or she may break the engagement without being liable for breach of promise.

ANCESTRAL PROBE

HOW can I trace my family tree on my mother's side? A firm of solicitors in America is looking for a certain woman and I am sure that as a child I heard of an aunt with that name.—Mrs. F. H., Hull.

● Apply to the General Register Office, Somerset House, Strand, London, W.C.2, for a copy of your mother's birth certificate. This will give information about your mother's parents.

Then you use this information to obtain copies of your grandparents' marriage certificate and even birth certificates.

These will help you go farther back—to around 1840 or 1850 when Somerset House records first began.

In your application you should quote the full *maiden* name of the person whose birth registration you seek, give some information concerning the district in which she was born and the approximate year of birth.

Enclose a fee of 3s. 9d. for each five-year period over which you wish a search to be made together with 3s. 9d. for a full certificate.

A solicitor would do all this for you.

BOTTLE ROT

ON holiday in Spain I bought a leather wine bottle. It was hung up to drain and now the interior pocket seems to have rotted. What can I do to improve its condition?—Miss M. S., Manchester, 16.

● A wine expert suggests that you fill your bottle with a cheap sherry (not a white wine) and leave it for about three days. The sherry will be unfit for drinking, as it will have absorbed any surplus dressing which the dried leather will have thrown up, but the bottle should be improved. More sherry poured into the bottle may be affected in the same way, but it might turn out to be drinkable. This treatment is something of an experiment.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

▶ **Safety-first heater:** A portable electric heater which automatically switches itself off if accidentally overturned, and switches itself on again when righted. Cold air is drawn in through the base of the heater and expelled by a jet propulsion system spreading a mushroom of warm air which hits the ceiling, fans out round the rooms, falls as it cools and circulates through the heater again. The Vectron space heater is available in a range of colours and in a scratch-resistant finish. 2 kW capacity which can be switched down to 1 kW. Price, with purchase tax, £12 4s. 6d. Made by Thermair Domestic Appliances, Ltd., Izons Lane, Oldbury Road, West Bromwich.

▶ **Permanent magnet:** Which can be used against metal in the kitchen to hold recipe sheets or shopping lists, in the car to hold light road maps, or in the office for letters or papers, not to mention many other uses.

This Magnahold consists of a permanent magnet sealed in a plastic case in a colour choice of green, yellow or red. Price 5s. direct from the manufacturers John Sydney Ltd., 1 Streatham Place, London, S.W.2.

▶ **It's a bore:** Time-saver for the handyman is a set of shaped drills which will bore, counterbore and countersink holes for wood screws in one rapid action. A spring stop can adjust the bore to three depths: (1) for flush screws, (2) shallow countersink to take wood filler, (3) deep countersink to take wood plug or dowel. 10s. 9d. per set of four drills. Makers: Thos. R. Ellin (Footprint Works), Ltd., Hollis Croft, Sheffield, 1.

▶ **Inexpensive draught excluder:** Plasticine, rolled into long strips and pressed firmly around the window frames, makes an effective draught excluder which will remain draught- and water-proof for several months. In a range of different colours, Plasticine may be stripped off when spring comes. (Mrs. G. M. Foster, Gravesend.)

▶ **Light in dark places:** Fetching coal in the dark can be a messy business. Tie a torch to the handle of your shovel and you will be able to see what you are doing. (Mr. Stephen Jowett, Nuneaton.)

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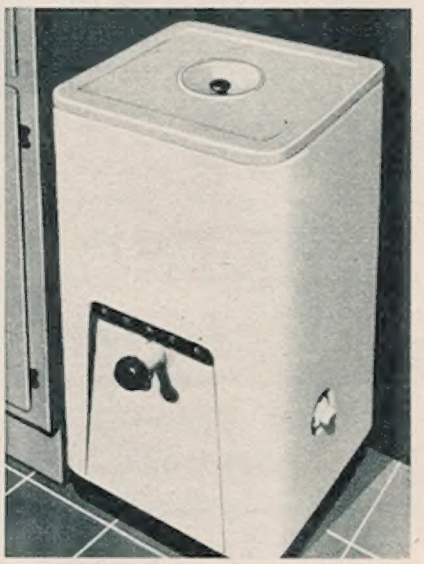

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I know," said Ali Raafat. "I owed my friend a life and now I shall repay." He reached forward and suddenly twitched over the table which barricaded Li from him. A lamp shattered on the floor and the air grew sharp with methylated spirit.

Li Chieng-Wei's eyes widened in alarm and he lunged forward with the knife. Ali stepped back one pace and put his hands to his belt. There was a snick and a sound like a sigh, then something long and glittering appeared and he swung it two-handed at the throat of Li Chieng-Wei. The gambler's body stood for a fraction of a second then collapsed in a heap at Ali's feet.

ALI turned and went out. Rare Jade still crouched at the foot of the stairs. He saw her face as he opened the street door, it held no fear any longer, neither was there any sorrow in it. Ali walked on towards the waterside.

He left Port of Spain on the afternoon tide a day later, seated on the stern deck of a Canpac freighter on the Halifax run and watching the green hills pass him by for the last time, neither glad to go nor sorry to leave.

The night held no moon and when the ship was far out beyond depths at which a diver can plunge, Ali went up on deck again with the red leather belt in his hands. He slipped a secret catch and drew from it the long, flexible Damascus blade which had slept so long in its crescent of death about his waist and about the waist of his father and his father's father before that. Time out of mind way back into the days of the Crusades. He drew out the blade and watched the starlight flicker in it, then hurled it far from him, wheeling out across the black waste of water until the point dipped and pierced the heart of a wave and was lost to view for ever. He looked then once at the belt and hardened his heart and threw that from him too after the blade.

"In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate," said Ali Raafat, and went below. THE END

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